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Expose:

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SEPT. 35c

True Danger^A

Nude Therapy: Special Report

DIAL-AN-ORGY
SEX CLUBS

**LUST OF THE
WILD DOLLS**

**INDECENT DEATH of
PASSION'S FOLLY**

**SHIP
of SIN**

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TREASURE
DISCOVERY
IN 300 YEARS**

**BLOOD ORGY
OF THE RUM
RUNNER
KING**



the undie world of

Lili St. Cyr



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#105

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Cup Size _____ Hip _____ Waist _____ Height _____

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VOL. 6
NO. 7

TRUE DANGER

SEPTEMBER
1969

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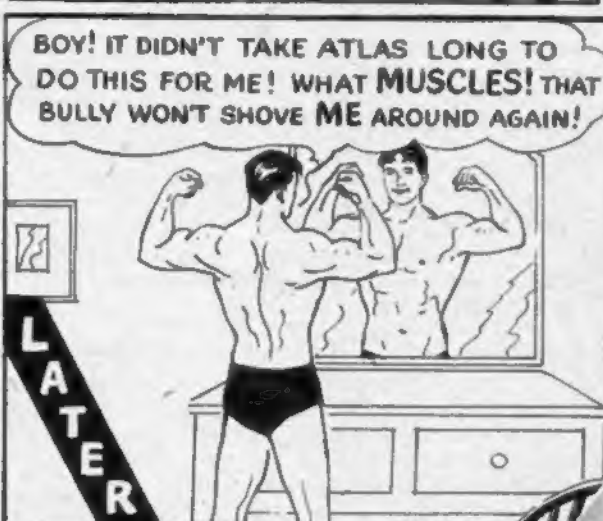
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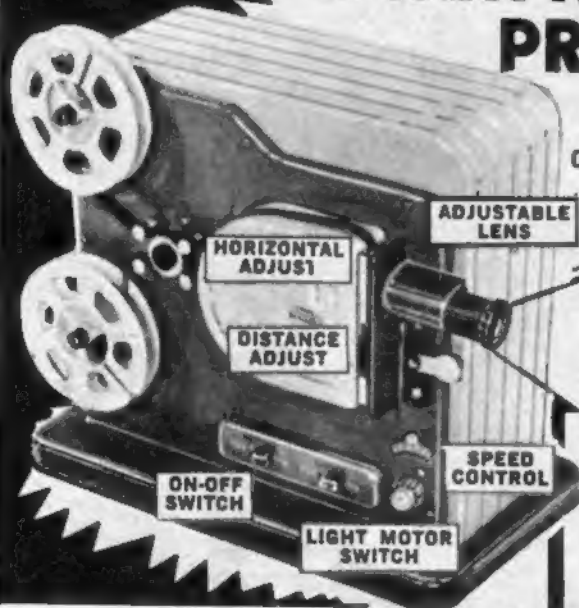
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DIDJA HEAR THIS ONE?

The big oilman from Texas was favoring New York City with a visit and a fellow business man was showing him the sights. When they came to the Empire State Building, the New Yorker said, "I always get a thrill when I stop to admire this magnificent building."

"Hell," drawled the guy in the ten-gallon hat. "Back home in Texas I got me an outhouse bigger'n that."

"Well," said the New Yorker thoughtfully, "you need it!"

* * *

An over-ambitious young banker spent two years in prison for embezzlement and returned home to find his ever-loving helpmate with a new born baby.

"Who was it?" he yelled. "Was it my friend George?"

"No, dear," she gently replied.

"Was it my friend Harry?"

"No."

"Was it my friend Lou—or Larry—or maybe Sid?"

"No, no, no!" she screamed.

"It must have been one of them. Tell me!" he demanded.

"Hmmp," she pouted. "Don't you think I have any friends of my own?"

* * *

The hillbilly was in court on a charge of assault and battery and the judge asked him to tell his side of the story.

"Well, suh," he said, "I was in this phone booth sweet-talkin' mah girl friend and this heah wise-guy grabs me by the neck and tosses me out'n the booth."

"Is that when you got angry and struck him?" asked the judge.

"No, suh," said the hillbilly. "That warent't till he grabbed my girl friend and threw her out, too."

* * *

"So," said the boss to the business manager, "what has your department to report on our economy campaign?"

"Well, sir," the manager beamed, "besides cutting our phone and paper clip bills in half, we replaced that 38-year-old secretary with one only 19."



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school*. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes*.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 19879, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060. No salesman will call.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 19879 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.
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HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

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STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐

DANGER: CURVES AHEAD



Look out! There are dangerous curves ahead! But perhaps you are a man of adventure, of daring excitement. If so, if you think you can handle the curves and cope with the danger, then go ahead, try them. Curve one is twinkling Tinkle Starr, who has curves in her own right and will curve you right out of your mind. Curve two is Minnie Wells, a sexy temptress from Georgia who's everything a man could beg for. Curve three is wondrous Sheba Bartlett, whom our photographer found roaming the hills of the Ozarks. Think you're man enough to handle them? Then curve ahead!



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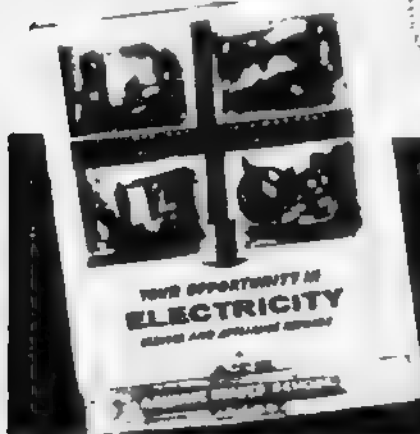
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LUST OF THE WILD DOLLS

By ALLEN HENDRIX

O.K. TONIGHT'S IT," said the one called Spanner as they entered Fornello's Twist-Arena, a popular teenage hangout on New York City's Upper East Side. "She's wearin' it—so they get it."

His companions—also sporting the black leather jackets and ornate sideburns that separated the "swingers" from the "clydes"—nodded silently. They could see the handsome young couple in a booth to the rear of the establishment and their eyes immediately took in the expensive string of pearls around the pretty young blonde's neck. Her escort, also blond, and wearing a tux, was glancing anxiously at his watch.

"Judy!" whispered Spanner, pausing in the alcove, his broad shoulders momentarily blocking the scene. "Get back there an' make small talk. Set the scene up. I want to go over the details again with Paco and Pilot."

The girl he addressed—a sharp-eyed blonde sporting tight orange slacks and a low-cut yellow sweater that left next to nothing to the imagination—nodded wordlessly and slipped past the three young thugs, breaking into a broad smile as she approached the couple in the booth.

Henry Duncombe, Jr., and Leslie Lawrenson (the names are fictitious for they are still both under age) were happy to see Judy. They had known her and her companions only a week—but what a time that had been! Both were rather sheltered kids from extremely well-to-do families living in New York's "Silk Stocking" district—the elegant Upper East Side. Before meeting Spanner and Judy, their idea of a really exciting time had been to go twisting at the Peppermint Lounge or the Wagon Wheel, both of which had gone out of date at least a couple of years earlier and which were now full of nothing but out-of-towners and other innocent "clydes" like Henry and Leslie.

But under their new mentors, they'd really been stepping out that past week—up to Small's, the famous Harlem dance hall where they'd learned the "mashed potato," "the swosh," "the twazie," and all

the other latest teenage dances; to Mungie's Palace, The Pillow Talk, The Sonnet and other dance clubs around town.

AN' TONIGHT, KIDS," Judy was telling them now, "you're really goin' to make the scene! Like I told you yesterday, Spanner worked it out with the owner of this new place that's just beginnin' to catch on with the kids to let you sit in tonight on a dance session . . ."

"Gosh," said Henry Duncombe, Jr., reaching conscientiously for his wallet, "if it cost him any money, let me . . ."

A hand closed around his wrist. "Forget it, buddy." It was Spanner's rasping, Brando-like voice. "We're friends, ain't we?" He shoved into the booth, a broad smile creasing his swarthy features. "You both know Paco an' Pilot, don't you?" he asked. "They're tagging along but they got dates waitin' down there so don't worry—they're not goin' to dance all night with your girl again."

Everybody laughed and Spanner said: "After you been to this place with me an' the owner sees you're right people you can go there on your own an' bring your friends."

"Gee, honey, you look real great tonight," Judy told Leslie, fingering the red formal she was wearing admiringly. "An' it was smart to wear the sparklers. This guy wants class in his place. You know, he figures it'll catch on like the Peppermint Lounge an' all."

"You kids will be in on the ground floor on this one," chimed in Spanner. "Maybe you'll even be writ up in the papers." He traced an imaginary headline in the air. "Young Society Couple Who Discovered The Leash," he quoted.

"Is that what this new dance is called?" asked Leslie eagerly. "How come?"

"You'll see," said Spanner mysteriously. "All I can tell you is that it's kind of like walkin' a dog. I guess that's where the name come from."

"Wait 'till you kids

(Continued on next page)

NEW TEENAGE THRILL KICK



Teen-gangs have stopped bopping each other and turned to juicier targets. If you have a bank roll or a girl friend, the target for tonight may be you!

It was a darkness broken only here and there by lonely park lamps. Dense shrubbery cut them off from the Drive and the moving car lights. To the left lay the river.

fronting the river. into the inky darkness of the park East River Drive overpass and dark, deserted streets, across the Spanner, Paco and Judy through danger, Henry and Leslie followed being involved in this forbidden With a thrill of excitement at or we'll catch it . . .

Fourteenth. "On your toes, kids, ing on his heel and starting down "O.K.," snapped Spanner, turn- an' meet you at the dance place." Dragon turf. Then I'll cut back Avenue an' lose 'em in Green way. I'll lead 'em over to First an' head down to Delancey that all cut over to the East River Park ed Pilot. "Look, I got an idea. You "They're on my tail now," pant-

Pilot. Did they spot you?" he asked Spanner tersely. "This is their turf. "A boppin' gang," snapped puzzled. "Who are they?"

"Jive Kings?" asked Henry, scoutin' party!" the car I ran into a Jive King rushed up to them. "After I parked run. "Trouble!" he panted as he later, Pilot reappeared—on the corner and waited. A few minutes The four of them got out on the Leslie.

that ice on you, kid," he said to cheap rates—but not if they see I know a garage where we can get you off at the corner of Avenue D. behind the wheel, said: "I'll let Fourteenth and Pilot, who was at

They turned off the Drive at wait to learn The Leash!" excitedly. "Let's get going. I can't "Well, come on!" cried Leslie the way."

around there and walk the rest of Drive to Fourteenth Street, park bet is to go down the East River yours in there, Henry. So our best take that flashy convertible of ing Project. You don't want to burg Bridge by the Baruch Hous- from down under the Williams- "Neighborhood I used to come admitted Spanner, standing up. "It's in a pretty rough section," too late?"

ought to get going before it gets asked Henry. "Don't you think we "Where is this place anyway?" real swingers." be the big shots on campus, the in Judy enthusiastically. "You'll introduce it back at school," broke

The five of them had ventured park when Spanner suddenly stop- ped and said: "O.K. This is as far as we go." "What do you mean?" asked Leslie, surprised. His answer was to seize her roughly about the waist, whirling her to his side. "Hey, what the . . .?" exclaimed Henry, leaping toward them. A savage rabbit punch from Paco dropped him in his tracks. "So you want to see The Leash man, we're gonna dance The Leash!" he sang out, pulling it tight and jerking Henry to his knees. "Com'on, we're gonna dance The Leash!" And he dragged Henry across the pavement to where Spanner was mauling Leslie. "Com'on, fella, you gonna dance out Spanner's beat!" he leered. "Look at him go!" "My God! What are you doing?" shrieked Leslie, struggling against Spanner's grip. "Have you gone crazy? We're your friends . . ."

"Friends!" spat out Judy, giving her a stinging slap across the face. "You can't buy us with your

money!" And with that she ripped Leslie's pearl necklace off, stuffing it into her bosom and sneering, "You think just 'cause your old man has money you're more of a woman than me? That you're better in some way? Well listen, sister, you're no different than any other dame."

With a STRANGLED CRY, Henry lunged forward, straining against the leash, trying to reach them. Paco twisted it tighter and, when that didn't stop him, he slipped a knife out from under his broad leather belt and pressed its point against Henry's jugular. "Re-lax, fella," he snarled. "You can see it all right from where you are . . ."

Judy was unzipping Leslie's dress as she twisted and writhed against Spanner's grip. The young thug had clapped his hand across her mouth so that only muffled sounds escaped. Her eyes rolled with horror and humiliation as Judy peeled the dress off her shoulders and down to her waist and unhooked her bra. It fell to the ground and, with a leer, Span-

Let's take a look for ourselves just to make sure.



(Continued on page 46)

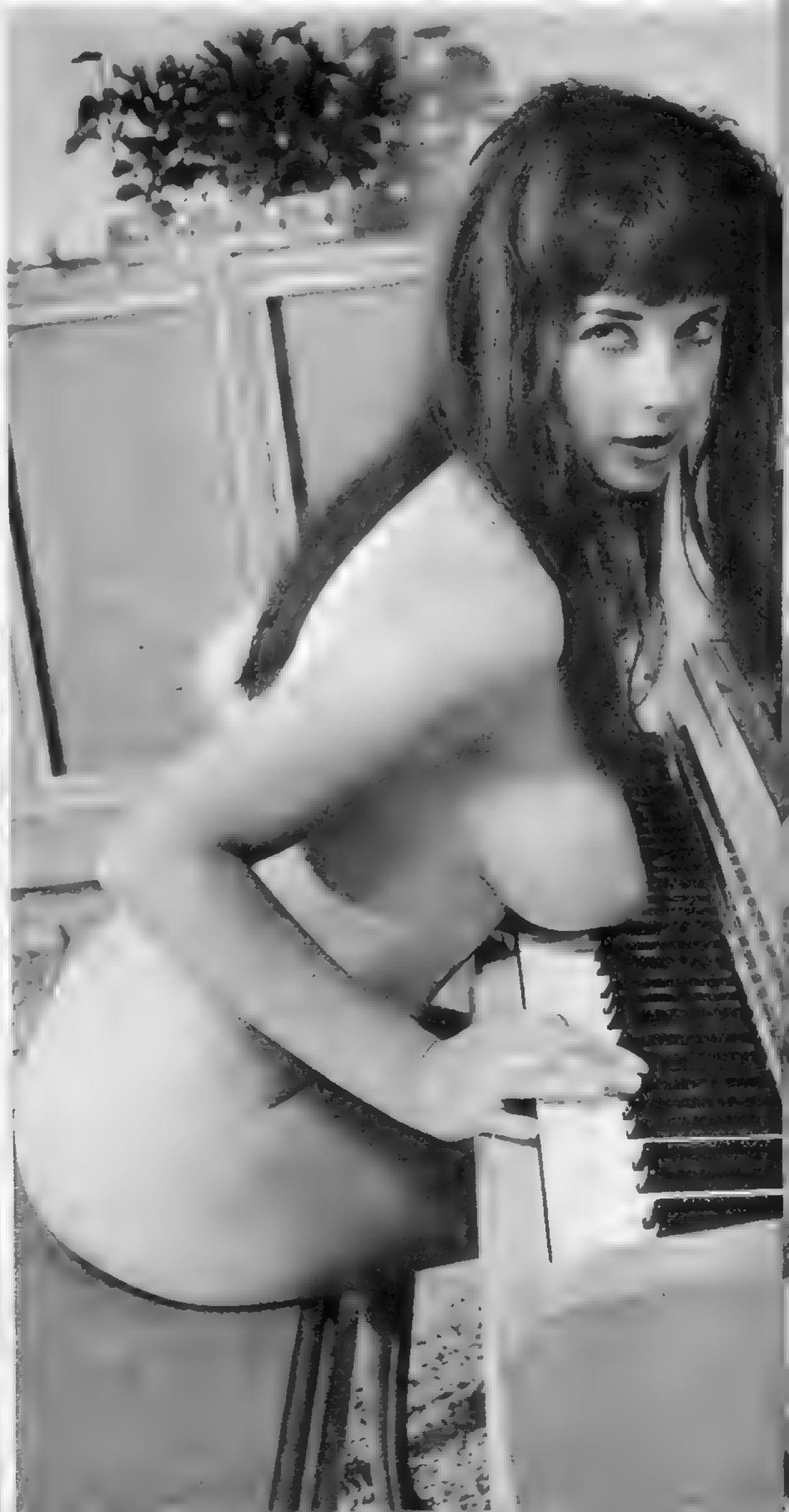


TINKLE STARR



Up Wisconsin way, in the city of Madison, lives a curvaceous chick named Tinkle Starr. Say her name softly, her eyes will twinkle, like in "Twinkle, twinkle, Tinkle Starr." Twinkling Tinkle is a swinger from way back, and a night on the town with Tinkle is a blast from the

past like you've never heard. Tinkle likes rock music, the big band sound of discordant screeches that appeal so much to the young at heart; the symbol of the swinging, free life. Tinkle is always on the move, never stopping, never resting, there's so much to do. And she wants the big band sound of a full life, ringing like chimes inside. And her eyes are ever twinkling. Twinkle, twinkle, Tinkle Starr; a girl like you can go so far.





GREATEST \$ TREASURE \$ DISCOVERY IN 300 YEARS \$\$

Here's the **SECRET**
of good treasure
hunting. Read
how **RESEARCH** and
PATIENCE paid off
for Kip Wagner's
Real Eight, Inc. !!!

By **KEN WAGNER**



Gold and silver coins are brought to the surface in bags and baskets by skin divers. There are thousands of dollars worth in this one bag!

KIP WAGNER curiously eyed the black irregular-shaped disks his employee had just picked out of the sand of the beach near Sebastian, Florida.

"What are they?" he asked.

His employee regarded the black discs with bacchanalian indifference.

"Oh, some of them Spanish silver coins."

Silver coins! Kip began digging around in the sand. He found nothing. But the treasure bug had bitten him and he had learned his first lesson in treasure hunting. Silver coins become oxidized and turn black when they have been immersed in salt water.

Kip Wagner, a small building contractor in his early 40s, little realized that spring morning in 1949 that his act of kindness toward an employee would inadvertently spark the biggest treasure haul in history and make him a millionaire.

That morning a construction worker had reported for work drunk. He was a nice fellow and a friend and Kip didn't want to fire him.

"I'll just run him over to the beach for awhile and give him a chance to sober up," Kip decided.

And so began the incident of the silver coins that was to change Wagner's entire life. He could not dismiss the thought that there was a cache of treasure somewhere on that beach. He immediately teamed up with four other men to begin a professional treasure hunt.

All summer they bulldozed and sifted hundreds of tons of sand. They searched the timbers of a wreck lying on the beach in about three feet of water. They spent around \$12,000. They found nothing—not even a single coin. By September they were broke. Their syndicate broke up.

But Kip could not forget that there was treasure somewhere around the beach near Sebastian. He began doing odd jobs to support his wife and family. In his spare time he prowled about the beach, learning every current, every nook and cranny of the dunes, every formation of the coral reefs offshore.

His equipment was an old inner tube for floating on the sea, a home-made face mask to study the bottom and a \$15 government surplus mine detector. Over the years he collected about 100 gold and silver coins in occasional finds. He had discovered no large cache of treasure. But he did not give up.

He told nobody except his wife about his treasure hunt.

Then one night Dr. Kelso came to Wagner's home to give him an insurance medical. Kip and his wife were poring over their collection of old maps of the east coast of Florida, trying to relate them to the many old legends and stories they had heard.

Kip brought out his collection of coins to show the doctor.

Suddenly he was struck by a significant and exciting fact. Not one of the coins was dated later than 1714!

"There are quite a few (Continued on next page)



Map showing wreck sites in the Florida-Caribbean area. Note concentration of wrecks off Louisiana coast and in the Florida Keys. Research could make you the man to reclaim some of these riches!



The pewter plate, silver forks, precious Kang H'si porcelain shown here are a very small part of the fabulous treasure being reclaimed from the Spanish Plate Fleet wrecked in a hurricane off the Florida coast in 1715, and auctioned at the Park-Bernet Galleries in New York.



dated 1714," the doctor remarked, studying one. "And they all look freshly minted."

The two men looked at each other, fired by this sudden revelation. The coins must have been on ships that had sunk shortly after 1714.

"Do you think—?" the doctor began.

"The plate fleet! It was wrecked in a storm off the Florida coast in 1715. These coins could be from the plate fleet."

It was an exciting idea.

On the morning tide of Wednesday, July 24, 1715, the great Spanish plate fleet, laden with treasure, had sailed out of Havana harbor. The fleet carried silver and gold from the mints of Colombia, gold jewelry from the Peruvian mines, 166 chests of emeralds from the mines of Potosi, ivories and other riches from the Orient, eight chests of jewels that were to be the wedding gift for the Duchess of Palma, fiancée of Philip of Spain.

By noon on July 29 the sea was running a heavy silent swell. There was no wind and the fleet was almost becalmed. Even more ominous, the sea birds, which usually flocked around ships a mere 20 miles from shore, had vanished. That night passed slowly and, on board the ships of the fleet, the crews were uneasy.

The next day was gray and cheerless. By noon the visibility was so bad that each ship's poop lantern was lit to guide the other. That afternoon it grew quite dark and a southeast wind began to blow. By nightfall it was gusting

out of the east-south-east up to 100 knots. Savage waves crashed on the decks of the fleet and carried away deck cargo, spars and cordage. Spray, driven by the wind, had the power of small arrows. The captains were no longer in command. The wind and the sea had taken over and above the noise of the storm came the awesome sound of the sea crashing on the reefs along the Florida coast.

At 2:30 on the morning of July 31st, the *Hampton Court* was the first of the fleet to founder on the reefs. By dawn, when the hurricane had subsided, only one of the plate fleet remained afloat. A few survivors huddled on the beach but over a thousand men and most of the treasure had disappeared beneath the sea.

Spain quickly sent a salvage expert to try to raise the treasure of 14 million pesos from the *Hampton Court*, the first ship to go down.

The Spanish salvage operations attracted pirates, who made their fortunes ransacking the Spanish camp on shore and ambushing the freighters carrying the salvaged cargo back to Havana. By 1719 the hazards of sharks, barracudas and buccaneers became too much for the Spaniards and they abandoned their salvage operations. According to their records, about 30 percent of the treasure had been recovered.

Fired by enthusiasm, Kip Wagner and Dr. Kelso began delving into early colonial history. But their inquiries brought conflicting evidence. Local experts said that the plate fleet was wrecked 50

miles to the north, on the other side of Cape Kennedy. The Smithsonian Institute in Washington insisted that it sank at Florida Keys, 150 miles to the south of them.

The president of the American Numismatic Society was more encouraging. He said that the coins bore mint dies of a design he had never seen and they must have come from a consignment that had been lost in its entirety. Again this seemed to point to the plate fleet.

That summer Dr. Kelso packed up his wife and seven children and drove the 2,000 miles to the nation's capital. Leaving his family to amuse themselves, he buried himself in the Library of Congress. After days of reading and annoying the librarians, he hit the jackpot in a book, "A Concise Natural History of East and West Florida," written by the English cartographer Bernard Romans and published in 1775.

The frontpiece was a map and there, directly opposite the creek of his home town of Sebastian was a notation: "Opposite this river perished the Admiral commanding the Plate Fleet of 1715, the rest of the fleet 14 in number, between there and ye bleach yard."

With rising excitement, Dr. Kelso turned the pages. Halfway down page 273 he found the passage for which he was looking. He let out a whoop that is still remembered in the Library of Congress.

"Directly opposite the mouth of the St. Sebastian River happened the shipwreck of the Spanish *Admiral* which was the northernmost wreck of 14 galleons and a hired Dutch ship, all laden with specie and plate which by (reason) of northeast winds were drove ashore and lost on this coast, between this place and the bleach yard, in 1715. A hired Frenchman fortunately escaped, by having steered half a point more east than the others. The people employed in the course of our survey, while walking the strand after strong eastern gales, have repeatedly found pistareens and double pistareens, which kinds of money probably yet remaining in the wrecks, are sometimes washed up by the surf in hard winds. The lagoon stretches parallel to the sea, until the latitude 27:20 where it has an outwatering or mouth; directly below this mouth, in three fathoms of water, lies the remains of the Dutch wreck. . . ."

Back in Sebastian, Kip Wagner and Dr. Kelso went out in the inner tube. Using the home-made face mask, they looked into the water. There it was!

Lying on the bottom were the ballast stones of a great ship. A half dozen canoon were scattered about haphazardly.

Now, at last, they knew that this was their starting point and, in the 14 miles to the south, were the wrecks of the Spanish plate fleet. They kept their secret to themselves and returned to their researches.

For a year and a half they dug into old records. They searched the Archives in Washington and Mexico City. They sent to the General Archive Office in Seville, Spain, and got over 2000 micro-filmed documents. They learned the names of the ships and their captains, the details of the cargo manifests and the Spanish salvage operations which had been painstakingly recorded, even to the exact location of the wrecks.

They learned that barely \$6 million of the 17th Century figure of \$14 million of gold coins, silver, emeralds and porcelain had been recovered. The remaining \$8 million, they had reason to believe, was theirs for the taking.

They located the salvage party's camp-sites on the beach and relocated the wrecks themselves.

Now that they were sure of the exact sites of the wrecked treasure fleet, they made an agreement with the State of Florida's Internal Improvement Fund that, in exchange for 25 percent of the treasure they found, they were granted exclusive salvage search leases.

Now they were ready for action but they lacked the necessary money, equipment and divers willing to tackle the shark and barracuda infested waters to begin their operations.

They found their answer 30 miles up the coast at Cape Kennedy among the staff of the Atlantic missile range. Here was an active skin-diving club. Its members included electronics and salvage experts, navigators and engineers.

Two air force colonels, Dan Thompson and Harry Cannon, heard rumors about Wagner's and Kelso's activities and they agreed to form a team. They recruited an ex-navy demolition diver and three handy all-arounders. These

eight men made up the basic team of Real Eight, Inc. Kip Wagner's bank manager became their financial consultant.

A navy surplus boat was bought for \$2,400. Diving gear was bought, borrowed or scrounged and the team improvised a sand dredge. A small motor set in a metal tube sucked the sand off the bottom. The divers then sieved it through a hand-held mesh. With the aid of a compass, they anchored their dumpy craft directly over the wrecks which were lying up to five fathoms beneath the surface.

The diving operation was a nightmare. Visibility was poor—about a yard. The savage undertow from the reefs dragged the divers, rolling and tumbling, away from the wreck sites. Weighed down in scuba frogmen's suits, clutching a basket and attempting to direct the clumsy dredge, the divers had no easy task. Furthermore, the waters of the reefs were infested with sharks, barracuda and, even more frightening, man-hunting, deadly Moray eels. These eels are so vicious that they have been known to climb right up a fishing line and down the pole to attack fishermen who have been unlucky enough to hook them. Delphine Long, one of the divers, was attacked twice by one and ended up in the hospital.

A long line of ballast stones on the sea floor characterized each wreck. The stones, each weighing about 50 pounds, had to be moved by hand. Then the dredge was

jockeyed into place and the motor turned on.

Days would pass when only an iron bolt, a piece of porcelain or some other odd piece, came through the dredge. Treasure, when it was found, usually came unexpectedly and generally there was more nearby.

One of the most dramatic incidents occurred on the afternoon of May 30, 1954. One of the divers found a gold doubloon. Wagner ordered the dredge concentrated on the spot. He then pulled on his scuba suit and flipped down.

Conditions were perfect that day. Visibility was a freak 50 feet. Down there on the bottom a rare sight awaited Kip Wagner. The dredge had blasted a hole, about 30 feet in diameter, in the sand.

"In this pocket lay a carpet of gold," Wagner said. "Believe me, a carpet. The coins were two and three deep and some were even stacked in piles. It was a sight every man should see just once."

That day, before the weather broke, they recovered almost a million dollars worth of treasure.

So far the haul has been impressive. The syndicate has recovered 60,000 silver coins, gold coins and jewelry including a priceless dragon whistle and chain, estimated to be worth \$50,000, which belonged to the drowned Admiral Ubilla; 42 discs made up of an alloy of silver, gold and platinum and weighing from 44 to 105 pounds each; 20 six-pound ingots of silver; a 28-piece Chinese K'ang Hsi porcelain tea service in perfect condition; a part silver dinner service and matching cutlery; 50 pewter plates by Robert Morse of London with which the *Hampton Court* was equipped.

A selection of recovered treasure was sold early in February at the Parke Bernet Galleries. The syndicate hopes that, with new equipment when the diving season begins again in April, they will greatly increase their take.

Long, patient and thorough research is behind the success of this treasure hunt that has already made millionaires of the eight men who form the nucleus of Real Eight, Inc. Without this groundwork, the plate fleet ships and their treasure might still be lying, unsuspected, in their watery graves off the Florida coast. ●●



ARE ALL THE ALLEYS TAKEN?



THE INDECENT DEATH OF PASSION'S FOLLY

By Mike Cassidy


"It's useless for you to try to escape from here! I will never allow it to happen!" The mad rantings of the evil Dr. Kramer spewed out of the loudspeakers that lined the walls of his castle dungeons.

"Like hell!" I shouted back, not knowing if he could hear me or not. In that madhouse anything was possible, as Babette and I had already learned.

I felt her body slide on the thick coat of slime that covered the dungeon floor, and reached out for her. Our bodies collided. Her naked bosom and stomach rammed flush against my skin, just before her feet gave way under her, and she tumbled to the ground.

The doctor's mad laughter rang in our ears. "You fools!" he shouted.

(Continued on page 24)



*Babette's screams only seemed
to enrage the lion even more.*

His passion for the strange and beautiful
girl was a folly which could only
lead to a bloody death in the jaws of
the jungle beasts!

"LOVE ME! LOVE ME! LOVE ME!" SHE CRIED, FLINGING HERSELF ON HIM.

"Don't you know I can destroy you like ants? Do not try to escape; this is your last warning."

"Come on, baby," I urged Babette. She was crying hysterically, and clutching her hands over her ears to drown out the old man's maniacal curses. I grabbed her roughly by the shoulders and slapped her sharply across both cheeks. The blows had the effect I wanted. She stopped crying and seemed to regain control of herself.

I drew her up tight against me and wrapped my arms around her. "I know, baby," I soothed. "But we've got to hold on a little while longer. Everything will be all right as soon as we get out of this place."

"All right," the doctor's voice blared once more. "You have had your final warning. Now you will see what it means to disobey me!" With another mad cackle, his voice died out on the loud-speakers and the tunnel suddenly became deathly quiet. It was more frightening, in its way, than the constant shrill of his voice coming at us in the blackness.

"Let's go," I said to Babette.

Suddenly I felt her grow stiff in my arms, and a piercing scream broke from her throat. A moment later, I felt the hair at the back of my neck stand on end as I, too, heard the ferocious growl behind me. It came like a heavy, hungry snort at first, then broke into the full snarl of an enraged wild beast.

Babette screamed again and I whirled about. I saw the animal's paw at first—as big as three of my fists. Then, with a bound that rumbled the length of the tunnel, the beast—a snarling, raging lion that was twice normal size—pounced through an archway. It stopped only yards from me. Its yellow eyes glared like fires in

hell. Its fangs dripped with a thick, greenish ooze from its mouth. Babette screamed again, and fell to the ground. The lion snarled, then reared for the leap. Its fangs and claws were aimed at my throat as it got ready to pounce. Just then, the loud-speakers crackled and the mad doctor's laughter bellowed through the stone walls.

I wanted to kill him, as surely as that lion was after my blood. Never had I dreamed six months ago, when I got a letter from Dr. Frans Kramer asking me if I would be interested in supplying him with wild animals for what he then called "laboratory experiments," that it would lead to this. I should have been more cautious, but I was down on my luck at the time and every extra buck in the kitty helped.

For a number of years I'd made a fairly good living guiding American and European tourists through the wilds of Africa on what they thought were safaris, but what were actually safe and sane little jaunts into the more civilized regions of the continent. The true safari would turn most men's hair white overnight; I know, because I've been on a number of them in my life. The sight of a three-ton hippo charging you at full steam, or a two-foot thick python crawling in to share your sleeping bag at night, shows you pretty damn quick, what you've got running through your veins.

When the uprisings began in Africa, however, even these tame safaris suddenly became too dangerous for most of the travellers, and my business dropped to almost nothing. The most I could get in the way of cash was a few bucks here and there, trapping animals for zoos throughout the world.

And then I got Dr. Kramer's letter. Hell, I didn't care what he wanted the animals for. At five hundred bucks a head, I'd sell him anything I could hunt down.

For a couple of months we had a very nice relationship going. I would get Dr. Kramer's requests by mail, and return to him in as short a time as possible the desired wild life via ship cargo up the coast of Africa to his estate in Germany. In return, when the merchandise was safely delivered, I would get those lovely, pale green checks.

But as most things do, the bubble burst sooner than I expected. The political situation in the area where I was doing my trapping became so tense that all Americans and Europeans in the country were ordered out. After packing up my gear, I got on the boat and headed back to Europe. I didn't know why I was going there, but I'd made my destination Dr. Kramer's digs. Maybe at the time I thought he might need a little help with the animals. You know, like a trainer or something?

Ha! If I'd known then what I know now, I'd have stayed in Africa. It would have been safer. As soon as I got to the village, I began to suspect trouble. None of the townspeople would offer to tell me how to get to Kramer's estate. They seemed terrified when I even mentioned his name, as though just talking about him put their lives in danger. My natural sense of adventure told me to press on, however, and by nightfall I was at the castle. It was rigged with high—and what appeared to be electrified—barbed wire. I hammered on the bell at the gate until my knuckles were sore, and finally saw a lantern approaching. When the person carrying it came into view, I knew the wait had been worth it. She was gorgeous. She had long blonde hair, and the curviest shape I'd seen in years. She smiled up at me and asked my business. After a short back-and-forth, she let me in. As we walked back to the castle, she explained that her name was Babette, and she had just come from a town across the border in France to work as the doctor's housekeeper. She was the only servant, she explained, and from the little she'd already seen of Dr. Kramer, it wasn't hard to understand why no one else would work for him. He was a quiet, moody, little man, she told me, with strange burning



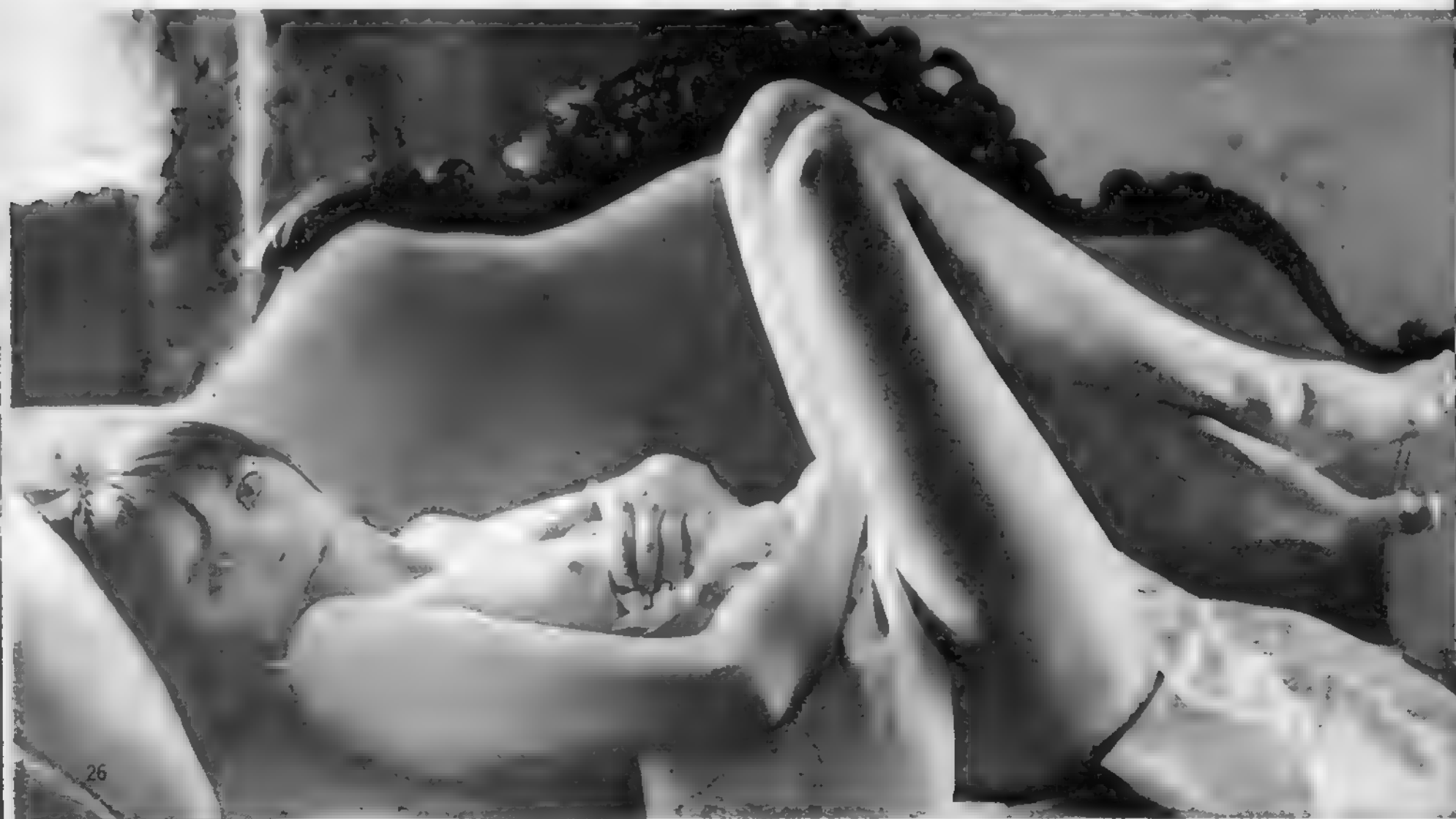
Babette was inflamed by her fear-driven passion.



**MINNIE
WELLS**



Minnie Wells is a cute little brown-eyed belle from Macon, Georgia, where she works as a secretary for an insurance firm. Minnie is pretty firm, all right, and in all the right places. How can a body be any better? Minnie has all the charm and warmth that one would ever expect from a southern girl. She can flash you a warm smile that will make your



knees melt, and the mere flutter of Minnie's eyelash can cause your heart to flip. During the summer, she takes her lithe, shapely figure to the pool or the beach, where she's a sure hit with the crowd. Tanned, her legs are beautiful, as you see them here. She enjoys her work, her new apartment, and, most of all, the company of nice men. Not someone for



swankiness, Minnie prefers a casual date, an informal nightclub, a man who is not out to impress her, but is only himself. She's never been out to impress anyone, although you can be sure she has. Our photographer was certainly impressed when he discovered her, and we were simply bowled over when we saw these photos. Now they're for you, and we only hope you enjoy them as much as we have. What kind of man wouldn't?

BLOOD ORGY OF THE RUM RUNNER KING

By FRANK CASEY



"At that range the hidden gunners could not miss. The bullets that poured from their weapons literally blew the hi-jackers apart."

Editor's Note: Crack newspaperman Frank Casey was one of those colorful Prohibition Era reporters who enjoyed the confidence and trust of the Big Time Bootleggers and Beer Barons. In this exclusive article, he narrates the fantastic story of George "Bugsy" Barnett, one of the most famous of the rum-runners of the 1920s.

THE HANDSOME, MUSCULAR MAN leaning against the starboard rail of the sleek, 90-foot pleasure boat looked every inch the wealthy playboy-yachtsman. He wore white flannel trousers, a natty blue jacket with gold buttons and a jaunty, white crowned cap that carried a double serving of scrambled eggs on its visor.

He stared languidly at the placid waters of the Nova Scotia cove in which the plush vessel was

anchored, watching the approach of a small motorboat filled with men. The boat was still some 300 yards away when he eased himself from the rail and toward the spacious cabin-structure located somewhat forward of where he stood.

"Okay, Mabel!" he called out in a loud voice. "You and Harriet can drag your tails out here on deck now!"

"Okay, Bugsy!" a woman's voice called back in reply. "We'll be right there."

Moments later, two scantily-clad young women—a voluptuous blonde and a statuesque redhead—appeared on deck and joined the man called "Bugsy" at the rail.

"Everybody else ready?" (Continued on next page)



**BOOTLEGGERS, BULLETS AND BABES!
A BOMBSHELL OF BACHANALIAN BRUTALITY!**

he asked the redhead. "You check on 'em, Harriet?"

"Yeah. I checked. Everybody knows what to do—when you give the order."

The girls, full and beautifully bosomed and long and slender of thigh, draped themselves seductively on the polished rail. The motorboat was coming alongside.

"Hey, look!" the blonde Mabel squealed. "That dark-haired guy sitting in front is cute!"

"I'll take the one just behind him!" Harriet chimed in.

Both girls spoke loudly enough to be heard by the men in the boat which, with its engine idling, was edging close to the boarding ladder that hung over the side of the yacht. The dozen or more men jammed into the small vessel leered and nudged each other.

"Hiya, down there!" the man in the yachting uniform yelled down to the visitors. "Glad to see you—whatever you are. We don't get much company!"

A squat, ugly man seated in the bow of the motorboat cupped his hands and shouted a message.

"Our big boat's in trouble—so we came over to see if you'd give us some help," he declared. "We'd like to come aboard and send a radio message!"

"Sure! Come right aboard!"

THE MOTORBOAT maneuvered closer, finally pulled alongside the yacht. The yacht's deck was a few feet higher than the heads of the men, even when they stood up. One or two grabbed at the boarding ladder and held on while the others began to climb the steps.

In the meantime, the yachtsman and his two sexy, semi-nude companions moved all the way aft, to the stern of the vessel. A second or two later, the first of the motorboat's passengers reached the deck—and he turned toward the man called Buggsy and the two girls. He had a large, black .45 automatic in his hand.

"This is a hijack, sucker!" he snarled. "Reach!"

The man and two women in the stern raised their hands immediately. The hijacker remained where he was until most of his companions from the motorboat reached the deck. Then he started toward the stern, the others—all carrying automatics, tommy guns or sawed-off shotguns—followed him. Of necessity, they had to string out along the deck as they moved past the cabin structure.

"Okay! Now!" the yachtsman suddenly bellowed.

Everything happened in the next swirling, flaming instant.

Two large sections of the gleaming-white cabin wall slid open, exposing a wide expanse of armored steel siding perforated by two wide slits exactly like the embrasures in a frontline bunker. The ugly muzzle of a heavy, tripod-mounted machine gun protruded from each of the slits—and the instant the wall opened, the muzzles began to spit flame and hot lead.

The awful roar and pound of the machine guns shattered the quiet of the Nova Scotia cove—but the earsplitting racket was punctuated by the agonized

screams of the hijackers who were caught in the point-blank cross-fire of the guns.

At that range, the hidden gunners could not miss—and at that range, the bullets that poured from their weapons literally blew the hijackers apart.

The first of the intruders caught a burst at belly-level that cut him completely in half. Another man had his head torn off. Yet another took a dozen slugs in his chest, slugs that shredded his torso. A tall, thin man managed to shriek once as a stream of bullets sawed into his pelvis—and then he was dead, even before he started to fall. . . .

IT WAS ALL OVER in less than a minute. What had been the spotless deck of the yacht was now a ghastly abattoir awash with fresh human blood and covered with corpses and pieces of corpses. There were grisly gobbets of human flesh, swirls of bullet-ripped entrails, splattered masses of grey-green brain matter everywhere.

The yacht had become a charnel-house over which hung the stench of burned gunpowder and fresh blood and freshly-butchered human cadavers.

Of the two girls—Mabel and Harriet—there was no sign. They had sprinted around to shelter on the port side of the cabin-structure when the shooting began. The yachtsman, however, had remained where he was, watching the massacre with a sneering smile of enjoyment on his sun-bronzed face.

When the firing stopped, he calmly walked around to the port side of the yacht. Opening a cabin door, he gave instructions to someone inside.

"Button up the cabin walls again," he said. "Finish off anything that's still moving outside. Then throw all the garbage overboard, sink their boat and get that deck cleaned. I want to sail in half an hour!"

Men hidden inside the cabin—six or eight of them—piled out and got to work. No one who worked for George "Buggsy" Barnett dared to soldier on the job. When Buggsy gave an order, it was obeyed—right then. And right there.

George Barnett's instructions were carried out in well under the half-hour limit he had set. Within 20 minutes, the motor-yacht *Robina*, its decks spic and span again, was ready to haul anchor and put to sea. Once more, George "Buggsy" Barnett, the fabulous King of



Buggsy partied every night.

the Rum-Runners, had outwitted a rival gang's well-laid plan to hijack the fortune in bootleg booze stored below the decks of the luxury-yacht that was Barnett's pride, joy and private battleship.

BUGGSY HAD ALWAYS been a bright boy. Born and raised on New York's Lower East Side, Side, he had started running with a tough gang when he was 16. In 1917, when he was 20, the United States entered World War I, and Bugsy enlisted in the Navy. He was assigned to duty with a fast motor-torpedo-boat squadron—and it was then that he fell in love with fast boats.

Barnett saw a little action, proved himself to be a brave man and a good sailor. Discharged after the Armistice, he looked around for a job, found none that paid enough, and pulled a few stickups to get eating and drinking money. Nabbed during one robbery in 1920, he got off with a warning and a year's probation because of his war record. But, while he was in jail awaiting trial, he shared a cell with Charlie "Tomatoes" Agnelli, one of the first of the bootleggers. Charlie was in for assault, but he clued Barnett in on the possibilities of profit in bootlegging.

Agnelli gave the 23-year-old George Barnett an intro to his boss, Pete "Pinky" Maurelli. Maurelli gave Barnett a job as an all-around strongarm guy and general factotum. Bugsy—who got his name soon after because he was "bugs" about boats and motors—did well, very well. By mid-1921, he was running one of Pinky Maurelli's rum-running speed-boats that met foreign vessels off the three-mile limit, picked up cargoes of booze and braved Coast Guard patrols to bring the liquor back to shore.

IN 1922, DURING ONE of New York's earliest Prohibition gang wars, a rival mob ambushed Pinky Maurelli. George Barnett happened to be along—and he threw himself in front of Maurelli, saving the gang-chief's life and taking two bullets in his arm and shoulder in the process.

Whatever else he may have been Pinky Maurelli was a grateful man. When he visited Bugsy in the hospital to which the wounded man had been taken, Maurelli expressed his gratitude.

"You saved my life kid," he

growled. "I wanna give you something—anything you want worth up to a hunnert grand. Or you can have the dough—in cash."

"I don't want . . ."

"Shut up!" Pinky grinned. "I say you get it—so you take it!"

Bugsy finally admitted that what he wanted most was a boat—a rum-running boat—all his own.

"Okay, kid," Pinky nodded. "You'll get it."

The mobster was as good as his word. He shopped around and found a plush, 90-foot motor yacht with extremely powerful engines, for sale—cheap. The owner, it seemed, had died and his heirs didn't want the boat—but they'd take a fast \$70,000 for it. Pinky Maurelli paid it—in hundred dollar bills. He gave Bugsy the other 30 G's in cash.

"Only one string to this, kid," he said. "Any booze you bring in, you bring in for me, see? You'll make dough—but I don't want yuh dealing with nobody else."

With that, George "Bugsy" Barnett was in business—or almost. He had some ideas of his own about modifications of the yacht. Aware that rum-boats were being hijacked regularly, he figured on making his yacht, the *Robina*, into a vessel that could fight its way out of any situation.

HE HAD THE TRICK cabin-sides installed and armored gunners' compartments built on the port and starboard sides. Working through shady surplus-weapons dealers, he bought heavy machine guns, automatic rifles, Thompson submachine guns, rifles, automatic pistols and hand grenades and armed the *Robina* with this bristling array of weapons. Next, he recruited the toughest, roughest crew he could find.

But he still wasn't ready to start in the rum-running business. There was one thing—or rather several things—missing. One or several, it or they added up to women—young, willing, reliable and beautiful women.

A handsome character with dough to spend, a good line and a better boudoir technique, he quickly rounded up six lovely girls. He told them what he wanted of them—and offered them good pay, plenty of travel and adventure. They all agreed without a moment's hesitation.

Bugsy Barnett's idea was clever. He wanted to cruise around on the *Robina*, picking up booze car-

goes here and there and running them into the States. His boat was powerful and fast enough to elude most Coast Guard patrol vessels—and it was heavily armed and could fight its way through any competing rum-runner's blockades and ambushes.

But, Bugsy wanted feminine companionship—and he figured he could make the girls who would take turns sleeping in his cabin double as fronts for his rum-running operation. They'd travel with him, spend much of their time on deck during the daylight hours, sunning themselves in the briefest of bathing suits. That way, anyone seeing the *Robina* would be certain it was a rich man's pleasure boat. Period. They might get jealous of the playboy's luck, but they'd be less inclined to nose around.

DURING THE NEXT TWO YEARS, George "Bugsy" Barnett had a ball—and made a fortune. He, his crew—and his harem—cruised far and wide, picking up liquor in the Caribbean, in Canadian waters, even well out at sea.

Contacting the big liquor-carrying ships by radio, Barnett would rendezvous with them at some appointed place. The cases of liquor would be transferred into the *Robina*'s capacious holds, and then he'd make his run for the American shore.

Bugsy never lost a load. Sometimes he had close brushes with the Coast Guard—and on three different occasions, he had running gun-battles with pursuing cutters. Even more often, he ran afoul of hijackers—but he always managed to outrun or outgun them.

By early 1925, he was undisputed King of the Rum Runners—and gangland circles buzzed with the information that he and his crewmen had killed no less than 75 various and assorted mobsters who'd tried to hijack him.

In March, 1925, a major struggle for control of New York's rum-running racket broke out. Pete "Pinky" Maurelli, Bugsy's mentor and sole customer, was murdered in the gang war that ensued. Tomaso Andreotti, who took over Maurelli's operation decided to cut Bugsy Barnett out of it completely.

With that, Barnett lost all his basic contacts. The big operators who ran the liquor ships from Canada, the Caribbean islands and

(Continued on page 55)

SENSATIONAL CASEBOOK REPORT:



Cloaked in respectability, these con agents victimize helpless women, frequently inflicting emotional damage that can never be repaired.

THE MARITAL-HELP RAPE RACKET

By W. D. SPRAGUE

LOVELY 26-year-old Marilyn Newell was angry and distraught. She'd just had another quarrel with her husband. It was the latest in a long series of bickering disagreements, and he had slammed out of the house on his way to work.

For nearly an hour, Marilyn went about her household chores nervously and without paying much attention to what she was doing. Then, she made a sudden decision. She went into the bedroom and took the telephone directory from the shelf of the nightstand beside the bed.

Flipping the book open to the classified pages, the young woman sat down on the bed and turned the directory pages until she came to the section headed "Marriage Counselling."

Marilyn read down the list of twelve or fourteen

names under the listing. She chose one more or less at random, picked up her telephone and called the number.

After a few rings, a bored voice answered. Marilyn Newell identified herself.

"I'd like to make an appointment—for as soon as possible," she said. "I'm having difficulties with my husband, and I feel that I need some advice."

"I can work you in at two o'clock this afternoon," the voice at the other end of the line said. "However, I think I'd better tell you in advance that the fee for the initial consultation is \$25 per hour."

Marilyn thought that was a bit steep—but she did not object. She loved her husband, and she wanted to save her marriage—which, she had begun to feel, was in danger of coming apart at the seams.

The worried wife informed the marriage counsellor that she was willing to pay the fee—and that she would be at his office at 2 p.m. Then she hung up the telephone. Somehow, she already felt a lot better about everything. She was certain the counsellor would be able to help her—tell her what to do and how to do it.

Marilyn was almost light-hearted as she finished up her housework, bathed and dressed. She ate a light snack and, by 2 p.m., was at the address listed for the marriage counsellor in the telephone book.

She was surprised to find that the building was old, grimy and disreputable-looking. A creaking, ancient elevator took her up to the third floor. She walked along a squalid corridor, passing doors labelled with the names of a "Private Investigator" and a "Friendship Bureau" before coming to the one she sought.

Knocking timidly, Marilyn waited for a growled "Come in!" and opened the door, entering a small, dingy office furnished with a few decrepit chairs, a filing cabinet and a scarred desk.

The man who sat behind the desk was in his mid-40s. His eyes were red-rimmed, and he had apparently shaved with an extremely dull razor. Yet, when he stood up and took Marilyn's hand, he exuded a not inconsiderable amount of smooth-talking, free-flowing charm.

"You must be Mrs. Newell," he said, glancing down at an appointment book. "Please sit down."

The young woman took a chair and, within a few minutes, was telling the marriage counsellor all her troubles. Her husband, Michael, and she had been quarreling for several weeks she said. They'd been married for two years, but the bickering had started suddenly and without much reason about two months before.

"It keeps getting worse," she declared. "We just flare up and start snapping at each other."

The counsellor listened for about 45 minutes. Then he leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"My dear, your problem is very plain—and very simple to solve," he murmured with easy confidence. "I've handled hundreds of cases just like yours—and anyone with a modicum of knowledge about Freudian psychiatry can recognize the causes and recommend the cures instantly!"

Marilyn Newell waited quietly—hardly able to contain her joy at hearing that it was all going to be so simple.

"Yes," the counsellor went on, nodding. "It's all quite clear. You are sexually frustrated. Your husband is inadequate; he cannot fully satisfy your sexual needs. The answer to your problem is just this: you must have an affair with another man!"

"An affair?" Marilyn echoed.

"Of course. You must satisfy your sexual needs in order to relax your emotional tensions. As Sigmund Freud pointed out, all marital problems—and, in fact, almost all human emotional problems—stem from a sexual basis . . ."

He continued in the same vein for another five or ten minutes. Then he abruptly stood up.

"That'll be 25 dollars," (Continued on next page)



he said. "If you wish to have another counselling session, the charge hereafter will only be \$15 per hour."

Marilyn dazedly took the money from her purse and paid the fee. She nodded dumbly when the counsellor suggested that she return at the same time on the following day for another "session."

"We'll get down to the details then," he smiled. "We'll work out precisely how you can have your sexual needs met fully without any fear of being found out. . . ."

THE young woman went home completely confused. Like so many other people, she had heard and read disconnected bits and snatches of information about marriage counselling, psychology, psychiatry and the theories of Sigmund Freud. She was vaguely aware that sex somehow always seemed to enter into any discussions of these subjects—but she didn't really know much about any of them.

However, she thought to herself—if a marriage counsellor told her that she should, that in fact, she must, have an affair with another man—well . . .

Luckily, Marilyn Newell took the belated precaution of doing some checking up before returning to see the "marriage counsellor." To her dismay, she learned that he was a totally unqualified individual—a man whose education had never progressed beyond high school and who had been a sidewalk pitchman until he hit

upon the lucrative "marriage counselling" racket.

Marilyn finally went to a legitimate family service agency—where a competent and professionally qualified marriage counsellor helped her and her husband to resolve their differences. Thus, she managed to avert the very serious emotional complications which might have ensued had she taken the worthless advice of the quack.

Some women aren't as lucky as Marilyn Newell. Many are lured into various kinds of traps baited by the quacks and charlatans. In some instances, they lose nothing but money—although the sums these fakers mulct from their victims frequently add up to very large totals. In other instances, the gullible wives believe the gobble-dycook of the phony "counsellors" and embark on squalid affairs.

There are even cases in which the totally erroneous "advice" of the quacks causes serious mental and emotional complications—and leads to complete breakdown.

"But how can such people operate?" Marilyn Newell asked when she went to the family service agency and told its representatives about the faker who had charged her \$25 for an hour of "consultation."

Thousands of bilked and miserable people ask the same question every year.

"How can such fakers operate?"

The answer is—they can and do operate very easily, openly and, above all, profitably.

Official estimates place the number of marriage counsellors op-

erating today in the United States at about 35,000. According to the authorities, at least 25,000 of these are charlatans—out-and-out fakes who rake in an estimated \$350,000,000 each and every year!

Very few states or cities have any laws requiring "marriage counsellors" to possess any minimum educational or professional qualifications. In short, in most places anyone—butterer, baker, candlestick-maker or total illiterate—can establish himself or herself as a "marriage counsellor" and go into business.

Recent surveys conducted by a variety of public and private investigative agencies show that a very sizable percentage of so-called "counsellors" have had absolutely no formal education or training in the field.

For example, in one midwestern city, of the 23 "Marriage Counsellors" whose names were listed in the classified telephone directory, only nine had ever attended college. Included among the others were three one-time fortune tellers, a woman who had served a prison sentence as an abortionist, a man with two convictions as a morals offender, an ex-refuse collector, and a former carnival barker.

Even New York City—which, its residents would like to believe, is America's biggest, most modern and civilized metropolis—crawls with quack marriage counsellors.

Official reports indicate that six out of every ten persons who are engaged in "counselling" in New York City are completely unqualified. Among them are many sexual degenerates—men who "counsel" women to have extramarital affairs and then offer to "perform the necessary services."

NOT long ago, one of these cynical fakes was arrested after having succeeded in having intercourse with at least fifty of his "patients"—on the pretext that he was helping them solve their emotional problems by engaging in unnatural acts with them!

The marriage counselling racket is a highly profitable one. The charlatan needs only a room—which can be in an office building or in his or her apartment—and a telephone. The clients come to the counsellor who charges anywhere from \$10 an hour on up for listening to the individual client's recital of her troubles and giving "advice."

(Continued on page 52)



"He's the timid type—went out with me twice before he asked me to marry him!"

SHEBA BARTLETT



Sheba Bartlett comes to our pages from a small town in Missouri where she has lived all her life. Sheba is a girl of many varied activities, from boating to modeling, from hiking in the Ozarks to dancing in a St.

Louis nightclub. She loves them all, and believes strongly in 'being a well-rounded girl. Now, just looking at her, you really get the idea that she knows what she's doing.



After all, how well-rounded can a chick get? Curves are one thing, but WOW is another; and that's really the only way we know to describe Sheba Bartlett. It was a real find when our photographer came across her, and he's been roaming around





the Ozarks ever since. Foolish, though, to think that he could ever find another Sheba. She's one in a million, and we can thank our lucky stars that we have her here for you to look at. There now, isn't

that nice, that well-rounded body? The alluring smile and tempting curves? The sparkle in her eyes that can make a man ever so happy? She's enough to make any man roam around the Ozarks.





"Come now, Miss Reed. Stop this playing hard-to-get!"

ORBS IN ORBIT



"Let's call back and report that there is life on the Moon!"



"What makes you think the Americans were here before, Comrade Olga?"



"Our mission is to colonize and populate, Miss Thompson, but I remember something about 'And on the seventh day, man rested!'"



"Parachute, you fool!
Not a pair-of-shoes!"





DIAL-AN-ORGY SEX CLUBS

The first thing you do at a "therapy" session is take off all your clothes. Then the lights go out, and the games begin.

By Tim Anders

Tom and Myra Remington had to wait at the door for a second after ringing the bell. "Hi. Come on in. It's cold outside." Opening the door was a slim darkhaired woman in her late twenties, about the same age as Myra and Tom. She wasn't a classical beauty but there was an unusual sexual aliveness in her tanned face and green eyes.

"Call me Ellie," she said as Tom and Myra walked in. "My real name is Helen but no one's called me that since I was two. And nobody is a stranger here."

"We spoke to you on the phone, remember," Myra said, "about the . . . therapy." Suddenly she wished she were back outside in the cool California spring evening.

"Of course, I do," Ellie said. "And the rest are all here already so we can begin right away. Just follow me to the bedroom. You can take your clothes off and join the rest of the people in the livingroom with drinks."

Her hands pushed Tom and Myra gently to the bedroom. When they were inside, though, they were surprised to see that Ellie was still with them. Across the bed on a bureau a mirror reflected the three of them in the room's dim light.

Their hesitation about undressing made Ellie laugh. "Come on, you two. We're all going to be in the nude for the therapy, you know, so we might as well take 'em off together. And since this is your first time here I'd better stick with you."

He tried to keep his eyes away from the two women as their clothes dropped to the floor but Tom couldn't keep them away from the mirror.

In it he could see Ellie slip out of her tight dress in one easy motion. It was odd to be excited by his wife's figure in the glass and the contrast of her round, ivory breasts with their pink tips to Ellie's smaller, harder breasts with their dark, erect nipples. He could also feel their glances at him.

An hour later, Tom was feeling a bit more comfortable. He had had two large bourbons and the other five couples around him had been relaxing too. Besides Ellie and her husband Larry, three couples were married and one was a steady relationship. All had answered the ad on Sexual Therapy that Larry and Ellie had placed in a glossy West Coast magazine.

"Actually, we must have got a hundred answers in a week from that ad," Larry, an athletic type with a persuasive voice, said. "Unfortunately, a lot of them were from perverts of one sort or another. And then there were a few cops, too."

"I'd just like to tell you that what you're going through right now, Ellie and I went through six months ago when I went through my instruction in Sex Therapy. From your responses I understand that you too want to be involved in an important breakthrough in human relations, particularly sexual relations. Remember, we have no affiliation with a university or research institute approved by the American Medical Association. All I can promise you are the most modern techniques in relieving problems you may have had in personal interaction—including sex. Of course, anyone can leave now if they want to change their minds."

He looked around the men and women seated

Special Report on Nude Therapy:



nude on the room's pile rug. No one moved, but one man asked just exactly what Sex Therapy was. Ellie fielded the question as she cooled the skin of her flat stomach with a Scotch on the rocks. It had all begun, she said, with the psychologist Wilhelm Reich. Reich was the first to expound the controversial theory that sexual orgasm was the perfect form of human communication and that it held great powers of almost electric rejuvenation.

Reichian psychoanalysts have their patients undergo analysis in the nude. This, they say, strips a person bare of illusions about himself and makes clearer communication between doctor and patient possible. More advanced practitioners of this school of psychiatry have pushed it to new limits, particularly in the East and Far West, where a doctor's sleeping with a patient as part of analysis is not unknown.

More recently in California, another style of treatment, Water Therapy, has been popular. This therapy takes place in a pool of heated water with a number of patients participating. "The benefit here was the group therapy," Larry noted. "People were involved in trying to help each other and this made them more receptive to suggestions that would be beneficial to them."

"The next big push in Sex Therapy," Ellie said, "was the research of Masters and Johnson in Missouri. For the first time, we know exactly what happens in both the male and female bodies during the act of sex." The problem in the Missouri research, she said, was that it was done mechanically with electrodes attached to the skin, under the glare of cameras, often by prostitutes of both sexes. The couples involved in such research must have been unusually

uninhibited, to become excited, let alone reach climax, under such strange circumstances. Masters and Johnson wondered themselves in *Human Sexual Response* whether their data could have been thrown off the obviously extrovert nature of their subjects.

"So, we see great efforts made at mastering the most common of human ills," Larry said, "the ills of personal and sexual dissatisfaction. Yet each of these fell short. The Reichian analysts are few and far between and their practice usually ends up at the service of bored, rich females. Also, they have a do-or-die emphasis on the woman's orgasm that just about kills the good, plain fun of sexual communication. This isn't just my opinion but that of the American Psychiatric Association and the Journal of Sex Research.

(Continued on page 60)

THE WORLD'S MOST EVIL VESSEL

SHIP of SIN

By RAYMOND BARR

WITH A TRAINED EYE, I surveyed my companions. I would be writing a report on them when the three-hour cruise outside Acapulco Bay was over.

Some of them had grey hair. A few were quite young. Some sat alone; others were urging conversation on their neighbors of the night. Four of them had come with women. A few were leaning back in the plush lounge chairs smoking—I suspected—spiked cigarettes. Two were drinking regularly from private flasks. I made one of them as an international playboy of Belgian citizenship. It was easy to identify the party of three seated next to me. They were a Hollywood star, his attractive wife, and a famous producer of technicolor epics. I also recognized a well-publicized, pretty, 38-year-old heiress who had come aboard unescorted.

All of them had one thing in common, one damning aspect which united them in sinister fraternity: *Each had given up \$150 in cold cash to spend a brief time witnessing unadulterated lust!*

They were the handpicked customers of the small joy-boat liner which had been putting a few miles out from Acapulco on irregular schedules—when the two yielded a “safe” passenger list large enough to make a trip worthwhile.

Now, as I watched them, the boat came to a gentle stop. The lights in our lush main deck lounge diminished to almost nothing. Conversation ceased abruptly. The passengers leaned forward expectantly. The first part of a promised three-act show was about to begin.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” (Continued on next page)





None of them wanted to quit a good job for what they had paid to see.

**They sought forbidden pleasures
beyond the 3-mile limit.**

The redhead's surrender was voluntary and utterly complete.

an oily voice began in English from a loudspeaker somewhere in the lounge, "our first act is now readying. The 'star performer' is an uneducated young peona. She believes our sailor is in love with her and has brought her for a moonlight cruise on the boat where he is a deckhand."

"Her innocence, you will see, is complete and fully matches her tender age." This brought a few snickers from the audience, but I feel a not-so-funny tension building up in the room.

When the speaker finished, the lights went on in the stateroom one deck below us. The mirrored one-way window which served as its ceiling—and our floor—was ingeniously constructed and amazingly clear. The microphone planted in the stateroom was of exceptional tone. A victim in the sound proofed chamber, of course, would never know this, never find out that 26 well-dressed men and women were upstairs watching, hearing every moan of passion or pain that might be uttered.

AFTER THE SAILOR had switched on the stateroom lights, he led the young girl in and caressed her with professional efficiency until her ripe young bosom began to heave. Her voice grew progressively huskier. The protests which escaped her tender lips as the sailor

began loosening and removing her clothes were genuine but half-hearted.

During the final phase of the "performance" the man had to use force. The girl—as had been promised—was totally innocent and had not wanted the lovemaking to get this far. Her struggles and outcries were pitiful, but useless. She was fighting a losing battle—one against a cunning and highly organized foe . . .

In the dimness of the lounge, I withdrew my tiny police camera and snapped several infra-red pictures. I was documenting not the seaman and the denuded girl below but the avid faces of the onlookers.

When the show was over in the stateroom, the lights and microphones were snapped off and our own lights were restored. I had managed to capture several good photographic likenesses of several members of the audience at the shameful spectacle.

It had not been easy getting myself fingered as one of the depraved rich of Acapulco. But the pay during the two long months of waiting had certainly been worth it. Interpol can be generous when real risk is involved, and two Mexican decoys had already been murdered on this assignment.

THE SITUATION GREW really explosive following the rape of a titled Englishwoman who had been misguided enough to take a cruise on the barely seaworthy *La Posa*.

When H. Charles Foster himself called on me in my New York office, I was immediately impressed. Foster was high in the Interpol setup, veteran of three decades of sleuthing.

"We know, Barr," he said, "that these blokes are carrying on atrocities in international water. Lady —, while unwilling to testify publicly because of her social position, has attested in specific detail to this. For a year, the Mexican *Federales* have been attempting, without luck, to get just one reliable witness against the men who operate the *La Posa*. We want you to find out what you can—but without any rough stuff. You're no good to us unless you come off that boat alive and in condition to collect your fee."

I took an Aeronaves jet to the sun spot on the Pacific which some have nicknamed the "Riviera of the New World." No one but Interpol's man knew who I was.

Mexican police knew only that Maynard Barr was on a high-wheeling, tequila-swilling extended vacation.

FROM THE BEGINNING, I lived it up on my all-expense-paid search for raw debauchery. I drank heavily, flirted with beautiful B-girls, visited high-priced houses of ill fame. It gradually became known in the vice fringe that here was one *norteamericano* with a taste for the ultra-erotic. So convincing was my performance that I was pulled in on an early-morning *Federales*' vice raid and forced to pay a stiff 1,000-peso fine. When the first month of residence was completed, however, I still had not impressed whomever it was that scouted potential passengers for the *La Posa*.

The Interpol agent figured another trip was going to be made soon. In a desperate move he had me picked up once again as I staggered out of a bordello. Realizing the arrest must have been staged, I saw to it that it was carried out as loudly as possible.

"I'll pay your damned fines," I shouted at the officers who held my arms, "but you'll never get me to be a witness against those people!"

The *La Posa* recruiter apparently heard of this melee.

When he came to my hotel room a few days later he asked point-blank if I would be interested in a little fun that would make the usual Acapulco fare "seem like children's games."

I replied that I was always ready for something choice. He told me to meet him the following evening by the town docks at 11:45.

Needless to say, I followed his instructions . . .

The oily voice came over the loudspeaker again:

"We have now a Latin man and a tourist from the North American state of Massachusetts who thinks she is on a private sail with the captain of this craft. Let us see how they progress."

A burly fellow put on the lights in the secret stateroom. At his side was a haughty-mannered tall blonde girl with unusually heavy breasts.

"HEY, LISTEN!" WE HEARD her protest, "standing on deck catching the breeze was fine. You didn't tell me our date would involve a stateroom with a bed."



What took place in the next 60 minutes was utterly revolting. The girl with the good intentions was trapped.

For a time, the burly Mexican made tentative advances which she fought off gaily.

Finally, when he turned to mix a cocktail, the girl opened the door and ran. Upstairs, the audience hissed angrily. But when—a few seconds later—she had been caught and dragged by her golden hair back into the stateroom, the Hollywood actor began an applause which the others joined.

SHE FOUGHT LIKE A WILDCAT— kicking, clawing, pushing. She screamed that she would tell the American consulate, that the man would be punished. He ignored her. Little by little, she was overpowered. Her strength gradually ran out. The stunning, long-legged torso thrashed about less and less.

The audience reaction was mixed, but all of it was sickening. Some sat quietly, eyes gleaming lewdly. Others were in a frenzy, rooting loudly for one of the two performers locked in battle below, as they might at an athletic contest. The Hollywood producer had slipped his arm around the waist of the actor's wife. Two of the men with women were making open passes which were received with shocking enthusiasm. Only the 38-year-old heiress was unaffected by the mounting intensity of the show. She sat, arms protectively crossed, ignoring the men around her.

Finally, as the drama she watched through the trick-mirrored-ceiling neared its climax, she did allow the Belgian playboy to hold and kiss her. But when their embrace ended, both leaned forward eagerly to watch the blonde's ravishment at the hands of the burly Mexican. Neither wanted to miss a second of what they had paid to see.

The final performance of the evening was announced.

We saw the sailor who had appeared in the "first act." Now, he had in willing tow a redheaded woman, about 50, but still handsome. She was very drunk and a great deal of her snow-white flesh had been bared before she came to the room. She wore only a brassiere, girdle, halfslip and an impressive sapphire wedding-band. In a glance, the situation was apparent. She submitted eagerly to the passion offered her by the Mexican youth. No force was involved. None would be needed.

Her surrender was voluntary and would be sordidly complete.

The tryst would have been anticlimatic compared to the earlier performances, but for the surprise yet to come. A few minutes after the titian-haired matron began wiggling out of her scanty raiment, all hell broke loose in the lounge.

A STOCKY MAN IN HIS 60's stood up in the half-light and blurted out: "Hey! That's my wife down there!"

Suddenly the sensual scene being acted out took on a new meaning. The man had paid to see a show. Now, he was getting a hotter one than he had bargained for. The tragedy began to unfold below, the lovers safe in their soundproof chamber, innocent of the cruel laughter and vicious catcalls being hurled at the distraught husband.

"We've got to stop them!" he roared hysterically.

Bringing out my camera, I caught a profile when the door opened and the suave gentleman who had welcomed us aboard entered. With quiet efficiency, he walked up behind the man who had raised a chair to smash the glass floor separating him from his love-starved wife. The chair was snatched from him before he was blackjacked and dragged out of the room.

I looked to see what the audience would do. Not one of them moved. They were not going to get involved in the episode. When the lounge door closed, they bent to observe the fevered lovemaking in the stateroom with new interest.

They'd employed me only to get evidence. But it seemed likely that the aging man was about to be murdered. I knew I had to do something. During a highly interesting caress, I stole to the door.

A sailor was posted outside. He made to bar my exit, but when I pretended I was about to be seasick he gestured to the rail. Without a word, he made it clear that I would be permitted this much freedom and no more.

I FEIGNED ILLNESS and then returned to the door. When he reached to open it I let him have it. My fist hit under his chin and rocketed his head upward. He slid to the deck like jelly.

Working frantically against the clock, I bent to take a closeup of his face. Then I made my way along the darkened deck.


I was looking for a companion-

(Continued on page 64)

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WILD DOLLS

(Continued from page 14)

ner said: "Well, what d'ya know? Money don't make no difference after all!"

Judy was busy with the bottom part now, sliding the dress down over Leslie's writhing hips, leaving her in only her panties and garter belt. Spanner's voice grew thick and husky as his free hand explored her luscious curves. "You see, baby, all the money in the world don't make you any different." He was twisting her backward now, forcing her down to the ground as Judy held her legs.

"Hey, look at Master Henry's eyes bug out!" laughed Paco. "Money says he never even got this far with her."

"Didn't you know?" said Judy, imitating a haughty demeanor. "When the rich do it at all, they close their eyes."

Strangled groans of horror escaped Henry's throat as he saw what they were doing to Leslie.

"Money ain't everythin'," said Spanner as he came over to relieve Paco later. "She ain't half as good as Judy."

"Yeah? Well, I'm gonna see for myself," said Paco, handing him the knife and leash.

A few minutes later a car's horn sounded twice on the drive. "That is Pilot in the convertible!" snapped Spanner. "Let's go!"

A final, savage blow struck Henry across the head and he crumpled to the ground, unconscious...

HE CAME TO in the Seventh Precinct Headquarters on Delaney where he was told that Leslie had been taken to the hospital for shock and exposure and that a

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squad of detectives were working on a round-the-clock basis on the case. Because of Henry and Leslie's age and their families' influence, no report ever reached the newspapers, but a Youth Board worker with police connections told this reporter that the convertible was traced to a used-car lot at St. Nicholas Avenue and 186th Street a couple of days later and that—through some very adroit detective work by Youth Board workers cooperating with each other throughout the five boroughs—the four culprits were finally traced to their home turf—East 138th Street in the Port Morris section of the Bronx. The police moved in on them individually and all are now serving terms in correctional institutions.

The attack on Henry and Leslie took place on April 6, 1963. Ironically enough, only three days earlier, the *New York Mirror*, in an interview with Frank Ferro, borough director of the City Youth Board's Manhattan Street Project, stated of the new type of J.D.s: "They don't run around in big groups any more either, nor often stage pitched battles with other gangs. But they are more mobile; by twos and threes they leave their own neighborhoods to stalk and attack some lone adult or member of another gang in another borough. This is called "bopping" or "japping." And homemade zipguns no longer have class; they buy real guns, by mail order, and carry them as status symbols."

THIS IS A NEW TREND, but one even less known by the public is the one exemplified by the attack on Henry Duncombe, Jr., and Leslie Lawrenson. Speaking of this, a Youth Board worker who refused to be identified because of his close connections with many gangs, said: "You're going to see more and more of such cases. These kids have stopped bopping each other and have turned to juicier targets. Teenage mugging has become big business and the boppers have taken to hanging around well-to-do neighborhoods and to frequenting Midtown and Greenwich Village night spots in their search for victims."

"It's typical of the Duncombe case, for instance," he went on, "that the boppers should come from the Bronx, make contact with their victims in a perfectly respectable Upper East Side club in Manhattan and commit their

crime on the Lower East Side. Now that they're moving in smaller groups they're much more mobile—and a great deal harder to trace."

"Their victims are always well-to-do," he added, "and the old ploy of waiting in some dark alley for them is also outdated. Now they work from inside, sucking the rich kids into their confidence before striking. This is called 'high-life bopping' and it has its advantages for them. It's safer for one thing because now they can choose the time and the place of their assault, and it's more lucrative because they can usually set it up so that their victims are carrying large amounts of money and jewelry on them when they strike."

"The Duncombe and Lawrenson case is typical in every facet," he went on. "Here you had two bored, rich kids home from their private schools for the Easter recess. They weren't very familiar with New York's night life and were overjoyed when they were promised an exciting time by what they took to be a group of local, neighborhood kids. And for a week they *did* have an exciting time touring some of the newer spots—although it was on young Duncombe's money and in his car. Then came the set-up—the promise of a really new place, the latest craze, and they were urged to carry lots of money and to wear expensive jewelry to make a big splash. It had been planned all along to get them into the East River Park—and that bit about a rival gang stalking them and so forth was of course all made up."

"THE ACCOUNT GIVEN to the police by Duncombe of Leslie Lawrenson's rape also sounds typical," he added. "And it's not at all strange that the gang's girl would help in it. You have no idea what hatred and envy these kids feel for those economically better off than they are. They want to degrade them as much as possible—and rape seems to be the ultimate manner of doing so, a way of bringing them down to their level. This degradation angle is so important that I've heard of cases where robbery played no part. Sometimes, as a matter of fact, a high-life bopping group will strip a well-to-do girl and humiliate her in every manner possible—then refuse to rape her as a kind of final insult."

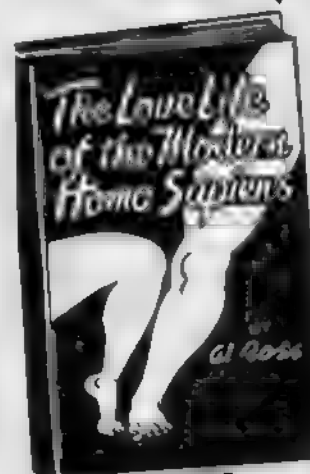
"I can think of a couple of examples in recent months," he said.

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"As with young Duncombe and Lawrenson, this bopping group had worked their way into a wealthy young couple's confidence. When they struck, robbery was no motive at all—simply the degradation of the couple. They took them up to Van Cortland Park, stripped them and then forced them—under the threat of a whipping with a razor-sharp bicycle chain—to perform every lewd act they could think of in the center of a circle of car lights and jeering teenagers. Afterwards they whipped them with the chain anyway, and I can tell you one thing—they're still both in the hospital."

"The other case was unusual in that it was a female bopping group from the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn," he said, "and their victim was also a girl, an attractive young co-ed home for the holidays from Wellesley. They made contact with her in some posh East Side spot and promised her excitement if she'd ditch her boy friend. She did—and ended up, after undergoing every humiliation the girls could dream of, stark naked in the streets of one of the toughest sections of the Bronx. Finally someone took enough pity on her to wrap her in a blanket and take her in a cab to the nearest police station. But I understand she's still in shock."

"THIS IS A NEW and extremely dangerous trend," he said in summing up to this reporter. "As New York goes in J.D. matters, so goes the rest of the nation. And as the big gangs fragment into these small, mobile bopping groups, the work of the Youth Boards becomes increasingly difficult. Frankly, I see very bad times ahead..."

Or, as the New York Mirror of April 3, 1963, put it: "When the Youth Board came into being 15 years ago and started its street gang project, the aim was simply to get workers close to the gangs, win their confidence, and steer them away from violence. Now it is realized that the job is bigger than that. Board workers alone can't do it. It has become a team job, a task enlisting all the good elements of a community... The task is to raise literacy standards, find (the kids) jobs, counsel the adults in their families, help them find better housing and attain better lives. It takes psychologists, teachers, businessmen, and other members of the community team, as well as Youth Board workers, to tackle it successfully."

THE INDECENT DEATH OF PASSION'S FOLLY

(Continued from page 24)

eyes. She never saw him during the day; he was always gone somewhere. And at night, she could hear him at work in his laboratory down in the castle's dungeon. That terrified her most, she went on, because she could hear the cries and wild snarlings of beasts coming from the laboratory. I told her about my past dealings with the doctor, and explained that there was probably nothing to fear. She wasn't convinced, however, and added that these animals sounded different than regular beasts—as though Dr. Kramer had done something to them to make them other than what nature intended them to be.

When I saw the doctor, I began to share her feelings. He was very abrupt with me; told me that since I could no longer supply his needs, he had no use for my services, and I was to leave the estate in the morning. Well, if that was the way he wanted to play it, then it was fine with me. But I didn't like the idea of Babette's being there alone with him, and I was determined to find out what was going on.

That night, when we heard Dr. Kramer down in his laboratory, we crept down. I was stunned at what I saw. All over the vast cellar were cages of the animals I had sent back to him—but they had all been changed, as Babette suspected. They were now two, sometimes three times their normal size. The doctor, as we watched, injected a needle into the shoulder of a panther he had strapped to the table, and then—chuckling to himself—he put it back in its cage. That's when I sneezed. I couldn't help it; I had to.

The doctor whirled around and saw us standing on the staircase. He stood motionless for a long while, then smiled broadly and moved toward us. "Come on down, my friends," he muttered. "My nosey, little friends. See my experiments if you are so curious." Hesitantly we did what he asked. The Luger he had drawn on us influenced this decision a great deal.

"As you see," Dr. Kramer rant-



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ed, "I have developed a serum which increases growth rate twice-fold! I worked on it during the war to aid our plans for the Master Race, but as you know, circumstances prevented my completing the research until now." He motioned to Babette to come forward. "My results with animals have been superb. Now it is time to try my serum on human animals. I had thought I would have only a woman, but now I see I have both members of the species."

A cold chill ran down my back as Dr. Kramer grabbed Babette's dress and crudely ripped it off. "On the table, swine!" he spit at her. "This is what curiosity wins you."

Babette screamed as he pushed her forward, watching me all the while, with the Luger levelled at my stomach. "Look out, doctor!" I yelled. "An animal has got loose behind you!"

The trick worked. He wheeled about long enough for me to kick the gun out of his hand and grab Babette. Together we ran the length of the dungeon—but as we soon found out, there was no place to go. Dr. Kramer had set the animals loose on us. Now I was the hunted.

The lion jerked its head up at the sound of Kramer's voice on the loud-speaker. Just when it did, I spotted an old lance hanging on the wall beside me. I ripped it down and aimed it at the beast. Compared to its size, though, the weapon I held was as effective as a toothpick.

I yelled to Babette to get ready to run when I told her, then jumped out into the animal's path. Like a matador, I taunted it, drawing it farther and farther away from Babette as it snarled and leaped at me. "Go!" I shouted, and Babette was off down the tunnel. Then, risking everything on a long shot that meant my life or death, I ripped off my shirt and stuck it on the end of the spear. Waving it in front of the lion to get his attention, I threw it down the dark corridor as hard as I could. Like the big, dumb cat he was, the lion bounded after the spear, leaving me free to run back towards the doctor's laboratory.

He was waiting for us there, gun in hand. "So you found there was no way out?" he sneered. He waved Babette back to the table with his gun and reached for the needle. This was it. Unless I rushed him—and I knew I'd get a stomach full of lead if I tried it

—we were soon to be this mad scientist's new guinea pigs.

Suddenly, from the corner of my eye, I could see the flash of two bright yellow eyes slowly, silently moving back through the tunnel to the laboratory. "Look out, doctor!" I warned. "The lion!"

He shook his head and smiled, holding the needle just above Babette's arm. "No, my friend. You will not fool me a second time with the same lie."

The lion was moving closer. I saw its mane bristle as it spotted the doctor's white jacket. Then, thinking it was my shirt once again, the big cat leaped. As its vicious snarl rumbled through the laboratory, Dr. Kramer suddenly realized I had been telling the truth. With a look of utter horror, he whirled about and fired at the beast. But it was too late. With one big swipe of its paw, the lion ripped open the doctor's throat—all the way down to his stomach. While his last screams still tore from his body, the doctor was mauled to bits by the terrible monster he had created himself.

I felt sick, but I knew if I didn't act fast, Babette and I would be next on the lion's menu. I grabbed the doctor's fallen Luger from the floor and pumped it into the lion's head. He roared and tried to leap at me with one last death surge, but I skidded aside and the animal fell dead at my feet.

Babette ran to me and collapsed in my arms. I smoothed her hair and tried to comfort her, but I was shaking as much as she was. The job was not yet finished. All the other poor creatures Dr. Kramer had injected had to be disposed of. It was a sorry business, and I wished I had left them to run free in their native country in the first place, but I had brought them to him and now I had to put them out of their misery. One by one, I shot them as quickly and painlessly as possible.

When the job was finished, I dropped the gun on the blood-soaked floor and took Babette in my arms. Together we walked out of the laboratory and upstairs. She understood how I was feeling, and in the days and nights that followed, she did her best to make me forget Dr. Kramer and all that he stood for. It didn't take long. Babette has a very special way of making a man think of only one thing, and it's going to have my undivided attention for a long, long time to come.

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THE MARITAL-HELP RAPE RACKET

(Continued from page 34)

Many of the fakes rake in as much as \$50,000 a year—few earn less than \$10,000 annually. Not a few of them make additional sums in kick-backs from unethical lawyers.

Charlatans in the latter category invariably advise the unhappy wife that her marriage "cannot be saved." They tell the woman that her only hope is to obtain a divorce.

"I can put you in touch with a good lawyer," this type of fraud assures his gullible client. "He'll take care of everything—you won't have a single worry."

Naturally, the lawyer gets his legal fee—plus a percentage of the financial settlement in some instances. As for the "marriage counsellor"—well, he or she collects a fat commission for steering the client to the lawyer!

Some phony marriage counsellors make their clients tell their stories into a microphone, recording every word of the distraught individual's most intimate revelations. Needless to say, these tapes are invaluable if the charlatan decides to mix blackmail with marital counselling.

There are many cases on record of these phonies taking down hours of highly personal monologues—and then selling the tapes back to their clients at fantastic prices. This is especially true in instances when men visit marriage counsellors and cite their latent or overt homosexual tendencies as the cause or reason for marital discord.

The fraudulent counsellor always tries to find a sexual angle to every client's problems.

"It's always easier if you get sexy and dirty with the suckers," is the way one of the gyps puts it. "Talk about sex—and get them to talk about their own sex lives. Then wrap the whole thing up in a bunch of phony Freudian mumbo-jumbo—and you've got them coming back again and again."

There is no way to compute the number of lives which are wrecked each year by these swindlers. Cer-

tainly, hundreds—perhaps even thousands—of marriages which could be saved by competent counselling are wrecked each year.

Typifying the plight of those who have been duped by the quacks is the case of Emily Yeager, an attractive 24-year-old blonde housewife who was recently sued for divorce by her husband, who charged her with committing adultery.

EARLY in 1963, Emily felt that her marriage was headed for the rocks. She chose a marriage counsellor from the telephone book and went to him with her troubles. This particular quack also happened to call himself a "hypno-therapist." The term is a coined one that has no meaning or validity—but it is often used by the fakers who dabble in hypnosis as well as counselling.

It was the same, dreary story all over again. The counsellor listened to Emily's story—and told her that she was "sexually frustrated." Furthermore, he said, she needed to "release her inhibitions" by engaging in unnatural sex-acts.

The thought revolted the young woman, whereupon the "hypno-therapist" offered to hypnotize her and "implant suggestions that would overcome her reluctance."

Overwhelmed by the quack's impressive mien and his flow of pseudo-scientific jargon, Emily finally consented. She underwent several hypnotic sessions.

Emily Yeager did engage in affairs with other men thereafter—and she did perform unnatural sexual acts with them. However, this created very serious emotional conflicts and guilt feelings. In desperation, she confessed everything to her husband.

Her husband, Everett Yeager, reacted predictably. He sued for divorce, citing his wife's admissions of infidelity. The divorce was granted. A few days after the decree was handed down, Emily Yeager tried to commit suicide. She was taken to a hospital and found to be in a state of emotional collapse. She was taken to a mental institution for treatment. Doctors say it will be a year or more before the damage to her emotional system can be repaired.

SUCH human tragedies can only be averted if long overdue licensing laws setting minimum qualifications for marriage counsellors are enacted. Only by establishing a standard of profes-

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sional qualifications can the quacks and fakers be weeded out of the field.

New York State is already considering such legislation. Other states have begun to realize the danger the quacks pose and laws have been proposed—though not passed—in various places.

In the meantime, the average individual who feels that he or she needs the services of a marriage counsellor can do much to avoid falling into the clutches of a quack.

The fake can be separated from the genuine, qualified marriage counsellor easily enough. The following check-list will go far to insure that the counsellor finally chosen will be a legitimate, reliable one.

1. Legitimate counsellors do not advertise. They only list their names, addresses, telephone numbers and professional qualifications. In this, they are like medical doctors. Beware of the "marriage counsellor" who promises to "solve your problems" in classified or display advertisements.

2. Sex is important—but it does not engender every discord and disharmony in married life. Actually, sexual problems are found to be involved in only 14 per cent of all cases handled by legitimate counsellors. Hence, look out for the quack who tries to reduce every marital problem to a sexual common denominator.

3. Does the counsellor have diplomas from accredited schools and colleges? Don't be afraid to ask him. If he—or she—is legitimate, the diplomas will be produced. If there is any refusal or hesitation—the counsellor is a quack!

4. Will the counsellor provide the names of professional societies as references? If not—he or she is once again a fraud.

5. To save trouble and eliminate all risks, when in need of a marriage counsellor's service call or write to the nearest office of the Family Service Association of America. This organization lists and recommends only legitimate, fully qualified professional counsellors.

Play it safe. Before risking your marriage—and your happiness and mental and emotional stability—investigate. The dangers of going to a quack are far too great for anyone to take chances. As the old saying goes, it's better—far better—to be safe than to be sorry!

BLOOD ORGY OF THE RUM RUNNER KING

(Continued from page 31)

Central and South America refused to supply him.

"I'm ruined," Buggsy complained to his girls. "My sources have cut me off completely."

There was nothing left to do—but turn hijacker himself. And this he did. Soon, Buggsy's heavily armed, fast *Robina* was a pirate corsair, raiding the rum-boats belonging to other gangs.

IN AUGUST, 1925, Tomaso Andreotti decided to get rid of Buggsy once and for all. He found out that the *Robina* was cruising in the waters off Nova Scotia. He sent a load of his gunsels after Buggsy in a chartered motor-yacht. They were the ones who came alongside the *Robina* in the Nova Scotian cove in a motor-boat they'd brought along on their yacht. They were also the ones who were promptly chopped to pieces by Buggsy's machine gunners.

"I'll be the King of the Hijackers, too, before long," Barnett boasted to his bevy of beautiful shipboard bawds a few days later. "Nobody can lick me."

He was riding high—and his booze-soaked sex-orgies with the girls became nightly events. He became so cocksure of himself that he stayed drunk—and held his saturnalian revels—for as much as a week at a time.

And that, eventually, was what finished him.

In February, 1926, he hijacked a big load of booze worth nearly a million dollars. He took the liquor from a Leone gang boat about 50 miles off the Cuban coast near Matanzas.

Two days later, the *Robina* was anchored in a secluded natural harbor on a tiny island just north of Nassau. It was a Saturday, and Buggsy decided to lay over for the weekend—and maybe longer—before running the booze into Florida.

"We might as well have a hell of a party," he told his girls and the members of his crew. "No one can find us here—we're safe."

He broke out several cases of

liquor. Always generous, he let the crew members take their turns with the girls in which he wasn't interested at the particular moment. Naturally, he reserved two for himself—but the rest were passed around, and since they did not mind at all, the party soon became wild, woolly and drunken.

The orgy lasted for three days and nights. By the fourth day, all the participants were exhausted and sleeping off their drunks and their weariness inspired by sexual excess.

WHAT BUGGSY HADN'T FIGURED was that the Leone gang of Chicago had long arms—and plenty of power. As soon as he heard of the hijacking of his booze-boat, the Chicago gang-boss gave orders to have Buggsy Barnett "fixed for good."

Several fast cruisers packed with heavily-armed and vicious thugs fanned out from Florida and Cuban bases. One of the vessels spotted the *Robina*.

Knowing Buggsy's reputation and record, the gunsels moved carefully—until they discovered it wasn't necessary, because there was no sign of life aboard the 90-foot motor-yacht. Then they closed in, swarming onto the *Robina's* decks before the drunken and sleeping crew knew what was happening.

Gangland justice was swift—and terrible.

"I'll make you a deal," Buggsy pleaded when he came out of his stupor and found a chopper jammed among his teeth. "Lay off—let us go—and I'll give you \$100,000. Cash."

"Get up on deck!" a torpedo snarled.

Buggsy raised the ante—going as high as a million dollars—but it was useless. The thugs had their orders—and they were going to obey them. Not before they had some fun first, however.

Barnett and his crew members were bound and gagged. The torpedoes spent the better part of the day raping the girls. Only when they tired of that did they turn their attention back to the men.

"We'll make you bastards howl a little!" the mobsters laughed.

They used lighted cigarettes to start off with, grinding the burning ends into Buggsy's face—and into the faces of his men. Then, they exercised themselves by pistol-whipping Barnett.

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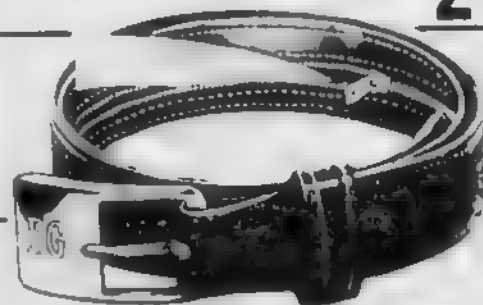
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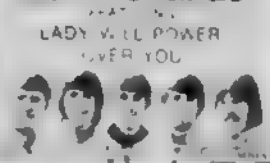
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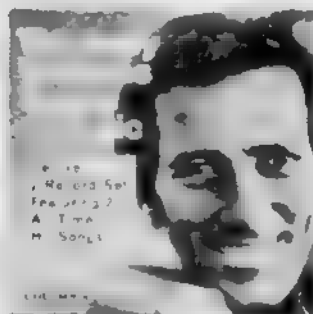
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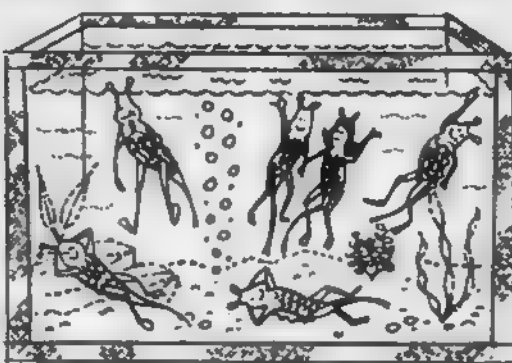
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and agonizingly painful carving on Buggsy and two of his crew-members. Within an hour or so, the fury of the mobsters' cruelty had risen to a hideous pitch. Barnett and his men were beaten, tortured, cut and stabbed.

"So you think you're a man, Buggsy?" one thug sneered. "Had lotsa dames, huh?"

Using a butcher knife he found in the galley, the thug promptly went to work on Barnett.

"Shoot me—for God's sake, shoot me and be done with it," Buggsy begged, groaning in awful pain.

Two mobsters were glad to oblige—with choppers.

"Let's get the rest of the bastards!"

Every member of the crew was machine-gunned.

"How about the dames?" a killer asked.

"Put 'em in our boat," the leader of the group ordered.

The girls were herded into the motor-boat. All the mobsters save two left the *Robina* and got in after them. The two gunsels who remained aboard did some fast work. When they were done, they leaped into the small craft.

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The motorboat was three miles away when the explosion ripped the blood-soaked *Robina* apart. The motor-yacht was torn asunder and sank immediately.

The mobsters took the girls back to Florida—and threatened to rub them all out if they ever sang about what they had seen or about what the mobsters had done to them.

They never talked—but the story made the rounds of Underworld circles within 72 hours.

THUS ENDED THE BLAZING SAGA of George "Buggsy" Barnett, who long ruled the waves as King of the Rum-Runners—and who tried to become the King of the Hijackers as well.

Other booze-buccaneers tried to take his place—but none ever really succeeded.

"Buggsy had a flair—a finesse, I guess you'd call it—all his own," one of the girls who had sailed with him aboard his private battleship reminisced many years later. "He was one in a million."

Buggsy Barnett would probably have liked to have those words as his epitaph.

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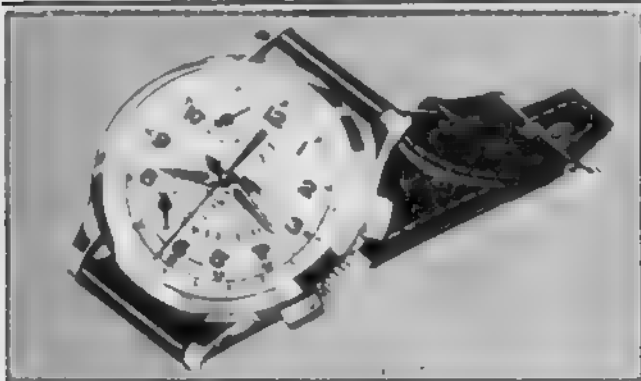
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NUDE THERAPY: DIAL-AN-ORGY SEX CLUBS

(Continued from page 41)

"The Water Therapy was fine as far as it went. But it stops short. Members of the group are not encouraged to touch each other. Water is a poor substitute for sex. We will use the real thing. As for the St. Louis clinic, their efforts are fine as a batting average for a sexual showoff or professional. But that sort of person has little relation to you or me, who need guidance without test tubes all around."

"That's what our experiment is all about," Ellie said as she placed a hand on Tom's knee. "A group of Los Angeles doctors got together and shaped a new, more direct therapy. Larry and I and a few other people received education in the therapy over a month's period in an estate on the Big Sur. It was an education everyone should have." She turned to Tom and asked, "Would you believe that 40,000 to 50,000 married people in the United States have never had intercourse? The Bristol Mental Health Clinic found a thousand wives like that just on the Virginia-Tennessee border. Some didn't want to, but a lot of them didn't know how to. That's the kind of ignorance we're fighting against."

By now anticipation had built to a peak in the room, and Larry and Ellie decided that the time had come for the first exercise in Sex Therapy. As soon as she gathered the drinks, Larry turned the lights out. "For all the talking," he said, "we're all still strangers. This touching exercise will take care of that. Everyone get down on all fours. When I tell you to, start moving in any direction you want. When you touch someone, stop. Run your hands over that person's face, over their body. Everywhere. Know them intimately. Every

hair and muscle. You have only the touching sense to help you. And you will have to make yourself open to anyone touching you. It takes confidence to do this. But that's why we're all here."

A giggle came from the far side of the room, but it sounded more nervous than amused. Tom discovered that Ellie had never gone far from his side. In the dark he could feel her cool finger move his nose and lips. "You're supposed to do the same to me," he heard her whisper. Another hand reached down to his leg, swept up over his back and onto his chest. He felt his own hand taken and put palm down on her stomach. The muscles he felt in her slim belly contracted with pleasure. Tom reached out and touched her face with his other hand. He could feel her eyes close, feel the nostrils dilate with her deep breathing. As he ran a finger over her lips they opened and sucked on it.

She was closer now and in the crowded room, Tom felt as if they were alone. The nipples that he had seen throbbing before now grazed his face. Ellie's bold hand had moved to knowing caresses that made his desire rise.

"It's not just with the hands," he heard Ellie moan into his ear. On the side of the room nearest the door, Myra was going through the same experience as a stranger's hands made her quiver with want, but Tom didn't hear her sighs of pleasure. How far do we go? Tom asked himself, but it was becoming obvious that there was no stopping now.

Ellie lay down on the carpet and pulled his head to hers, their open mouths meeting. Their tongues twisted against each other, hers plunging into his mouth. He could smell her and could see a glint of fire in her emerald-tinted

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eyes from a stray ray of light. The rest was just touch, the feel of her hands on his face as she pulled it down to her breasts. The nipples were like hot marble from the urge that swelled them and salty to the taste. Then, finally, he felt her spreading below him, welcoming him as their two bodies merged. She engulfed him, draining every ounce of tension from his body. . .

This was not the last of the experiments that Larry and Ellie Franklin (not their real names for obvious reasons) introduced the couples to. There were others, many others. Such as:

The Hyperventilation Exercise. This was done in nude in the large sauna bath Larry had in his house, and it took advantage of a fact observed in laboratory tests. Each partner is in turn submerged into steaming water and breathes deeply and rapidly. For some reason not yet understood, this stimulates memories of disturbing experiences in the person's youth, perhaps because deep breathing (hyperventilation) of steam affects oxygen flow to brain cells. The deep-rooted fears of the subject are confronted by his partner, physically as well as verbally.

The Confidence Fall. As in the previous exercise, each partner takes turns. He or she closes their eyes and allows themselves to fall backwards without restraint, trusting their partner to catch them. It is striking to note that some men and women are completely unable to perform this simple test of trust. Done in the nude.

The Secret. Each person is asked to think of one secret they are sure their partner doesn't know and that could well destroy their marriage. Naturally, when this is done in public, in the nude, the effect is often dramatic. Sometimes there is joy that the secret is surprisingly trivial, but more usually anger and even blows.

Group Counseling. A most important part of the Franklin regimen. As couples get to know other couples sexually, they are able to counsel each other in true desires never revealed in the marriage bed. Thus, one man might tell another the position that the second man's wife has always wished to have sex in. "The revelation of secret wants to a stranger is a common fact in extra-marital affairs," says Ellie. "This way the husband gets the benefit of learning what those desires are so that his wife will have less reason to be dissatisfied or potentially unfaithful in the future."

Both Ellie and Larry are glib apologists of this Sex Therapy that is becoming so popular, but how effective is it really? What does the medical profession have to offer as opinion? Have the Franklins given us the true history of this therapy?

The answer to the last question, at least, is negative. Among the pioneers in marital therapy they mentioned there was one significant omission. The Esalen Institute, also located in California, was the real source of many of the Sex Therapy exercises—before the emphasis on sex was put in.

Based on group therapy—not in the nude—Esalen has existed for two years. It was this institute that created the Hyperventilation exercises, the touch exercises (in a much more restrained method devoid of sexual overtones), the Confidence Fall and others. This institute concentrates on personality difficulties as opposed to the Franklins' accent on sexual difficulties. For instance, The Secret exercise is done by the Franklins only at the request of a couple who feel ready for it. At Esalen it is a compulsory exercise done with three secrets and thus is an integral part of the therapy. There is also a much higher probability of emotional fireworks.

As described in *Look* magazine, one partner "blurted out . . . the details of two extra-marital affairs. [His wife sprang for his throat. The couple rolled on the floor as she attacked and he fended her off . . .] The institute director, lounged, imperturbable, on an elbow. . . He would let the battle resolve itself if possible. Now [the wife] was ripping off [the husband's] shirt, tearing at his back. He hurled her to the carpet. She attacked again . . . And suddenly they were in each other's arms, sobbing."

In the opinion of a professional marriage counselor, Dr. Erwin Tindall, "the Esalen group is breaking ground in a field that regular medical researchers don't have the nerve to venture in. The Franklin group and others like them that are springing up across the country are twisting what they know of the



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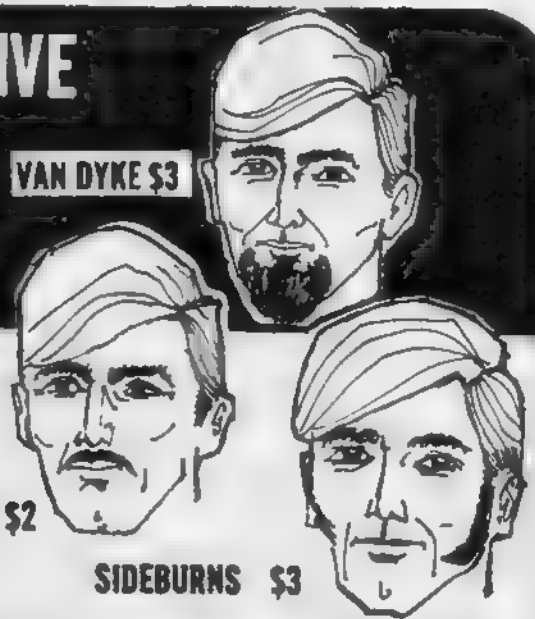
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Esalen methods to induce other couples into participating in orgies. Perhaps they are orgies in the name of therapy, but from what we know of their activities here on the coast their treatments consist more of sex than science.

"So-called 'sex therapy' should be directed only by mature, trained experts. This is not because the medical profession wants to keep the business to itself but because people attracted to sexual hyperactivity often have serious problems. Take simple wife-swapping. A University of Minnesota study has shown that practicing wife-swappers are often also involved in some form of psycho-therapy. These people need help, not exploitation by a pair like the Franklins. As for the doctors involved with the Franklins, I understand that at least the state medical society is going to create a committee just to keep an eye on these new sex groups. I have also heard that similar committees are being considered in New York, New Jersey and Florida because of other 'therapists' like the Franklins in those states."

The Franklins laugh at such criticism. "How embarrassing for a doctor to be so far behind the times. He must think the Sexual Revolution is being run by the American Medical Association. Well, it's not. It's the women who are leading it, who are awake for the first time in two thousand years to their bodies. Would you believe that a sociologist, Robert Bell, found that in the 1920's two-thirds of American married women wanted sex less often than their husbands? Now, Bell says, only one wife out of thirteen wants sex less and one out of four wives want sex more!"

"If we just wanted the kicks of swapping we could do that without any trouble," Larry says. "A little while back the San Francisco Chronicle placed an ad offering swapping in an 'underground' magazine. It was for an expose. You know, they got 300 replies, most of them from California."

"If it was just kicks, we wouldn't go to the trouble," Ellie added as she said good-bye at the door. "We really do try to help people."

Part of what the Franklins teach is part of the high school schedule in Scandinavia, where sex has long been considered an acceptable form of breaking down personal hangups and even social and political problems. The well-known theorist Kristina Ahlmark-Michanuk approves of casual sexual relations as necessary in breaking down the double standard between men and women. In West Germany, another woman has started a million-dollar business with 'sex supermarkets.' Sold there are pills to keep a man from premature ejaculation, aphrodisiacs for cocktails, and similar sexual aids.

Still, the feeling persists that Sex Therapy as conducted by 'underground doctors' like the Franklins is for thrills more than science. But there are bound to be well-meaning people, also, who enroll themselves in a sincere desire to surmount bedroom problems. For them the warning cannot come too soon—Sex Therapy is here and it wants to help you, whether you need it or not. •

SHIP OF SIN

(Continued from page 45)

way that would lead to the captive man. But before I had gone far, I heard a splash in the otherwise calm water. I looked and saw it was he. The boat engines had started up, and he was already a few yards behind us. I had to decide fast. Stealing only a few seconds to zip my camera in an oil-cloth case, I slipped over the rail and noiselessly met the Pacific.

When I got to the unconscious body, I flipped him over onto his back. Treading water, I tried to determine which way to swim. The shore was miles away. I spotted a lighted buoy and made for it.

Eventually a harbor patrol craft came by and heard our cries. They took us off the buoy and into shore. The man was not hurt. His only lasting scars would be mental ones. I didn't know if he would make a witness or not, but I felt certain he wasn't going to pay money for filthy shows again.

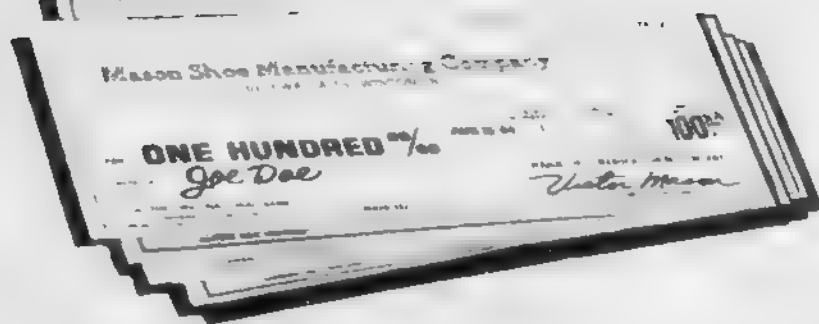
The *Federales* pulled in all the *La Posa's* passengers during the night. As Interpol had suspected, there was not a good witness in the pack.

However, I was easily able to finger the two Mexican leaders, the performers, and the deckhand. They were all held on a charge of attempted murder. I was sole witness at the trial and saw each get convicted. The longest sentence any of them drew was 60 months. For a time the boat itself was impounded, but when its absentee owner showed up, it took scant legal finagling to have it returned to him.

That we put the wicked ship out of commission, no one can deny. But, just as certainly, the *La Posa* or a sinister sister ship is bound to start up again. If its operators are as careful as the small group who ran so successfully for over a year, the "New Riviera" will offer an easy fortune for the taking. Reliable customers and unsuspecting feminine victims are not very hard to come by.

Acapulco was made for play and I hope that every Stateside tourist who goes there finds some fun. But not at his own—or his woman's—expense! ••

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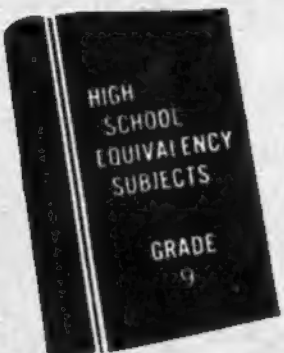
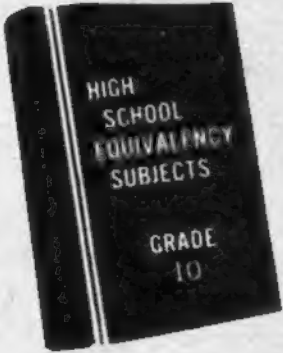
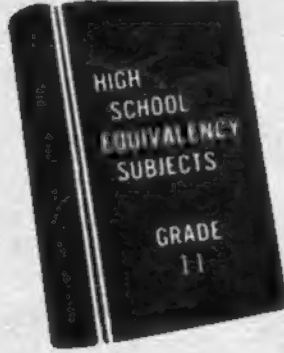

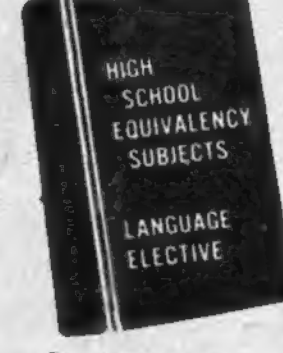
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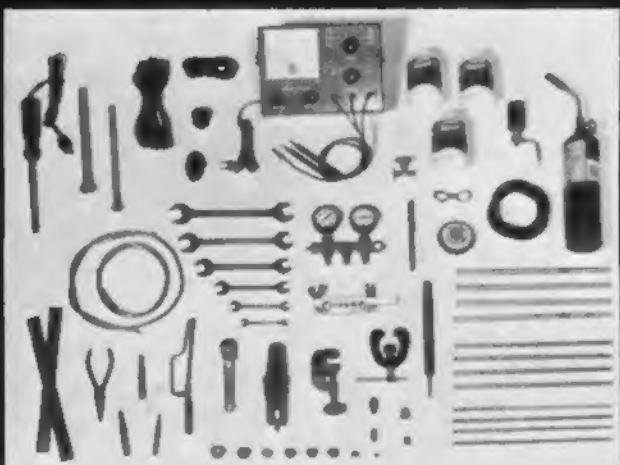
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